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*Professor Longfellow  
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DEATH AND THE MAGDALEN,  
AND OTHER POEMS.



DEATH AND THE MAGDALEN;  
THE MEMORY OF SALE;  
THE IDLE SCHOLAR'S LAMENT,  
AND OTHER POEMS:

BY THE AUTHOR OF CRÆSUS,

KING OF LYDIA; A TRAGEDY.

*Alfred Bate Richardson*



LONDON:  
WILLIAM PICKERING.

1846.

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20 Dec. 1894.



TO

A. R. CARSON, LL.D.

ETC. ETC. ETC.

(LATE RECTOR OF THE HIGH SCHOOL, EDINBURGH.)

~~~~~  
MY DEAR SIR,

**I**T is now about ten years since we met ; but that period has only increased those feelings of esteem, respect, and regard, which I have ever entertained for you, since I first entered your numerous class, at the High School, an ignorant, timid, and awkward little boy ; in much need of the application of that generous system, that noble encouragement of the spirit of emulation, and that upright impartiality, which were the distinguishing features of your excellent tuition.

But, although we have not met for ten years, I have had the honour of corresponding with you

## DEDICATION.

ever since I left Edinburgh, which I regard, not only as an honour, but as one of the most sacred pleasures of my youth : and thus we have become familiarized by absence ; for, when I met you daily, I was too far removed from you, by the difference in our relative positions, to find in you other than a kind, but not a familiar master.

It is my wish to dedicate to you this little Volume, the offspring of a few of my leisure hours. You do not encourage me in this wish ; nor yet, altogether, withhold your permission. May I hope that this proceeds rather from the Modesty of your true worth, than from any disinclination to accept of an offering, which, if it have but slender intrinsic merit, still carries with it, this, if I may so say, graceful and grateful apology, that it comes from the heart !

I am, my dear Sir, very faithfully and sincerely  
yours,

THE AUTHOR.

London,  
May, 1846.



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## DEATH AND THE MAGDALEN.

---

LA JEUNE FILLE. Fantôme ! que j'abhorre,

Tu me poursuis toujours.

Mourir sitôt ! encore quelques jours,

Encore quelques jours !

LA MORT. Donne ta main, ne tremble pas,

Ma main est celle d'une amie ;

Tu vas dormir entre mes bras,

D'un sommeil plus doux que ta vie !

---

**I**N a sick-room's poverty,  
Hard a broken casement by,  
Near which tall and spectral trees  
Shiver in the chill night-breeze ;  
Such as by some mansion lone  
Link'd with Murder's tale have grown—

Wearily a girl doth sleep,  
O'er her wan face flit strange fears;  
The ashen trace of tears  
Defiles her hollow cheek :  
    In disorder'd dream  
    Her light tresses stream  
    All about her pillow,  
    Not in fairy freak,  
    But like the heavy willow  
    O'er a pool of woe.  
Sad it is to see  
Her neck's sharp tracery  
Shadow'd harshly so  
By the dim lamp in the room,  
Like her, dying into gloom.

Suddenly the Moon stole there,  
Threading fast her shadowy hair  
Into silver brightness rare,  
Mist-like floating with soft grace  
Round her wan and pearly face :  
And I saw a bright, red streak  
On her eyelids, on her cheek ;  
But her lips were pale and lurid,

As a Lily from the earth  
Sprung in slow and sunless birth,  
All in dark, cold shadows buried—

Then I knew the Maiden's doom  
Fading early to the tomb.

Whilst I watch'd her troubled dreaming,  
The cold moon-beams o'er her streaming,  
As in some old Cathedral pile  
The tinted light through Oriel window dies  
On pale, recumbent effigies,  
Or an ocean-pebble dries  
In the sun, all colour flies—  
And her cheek so white is gleaming,  
So wan, so hueless—for a while  
You might fancy she'd arise  
At once, and from that room  
Unto the Churchyard pass,  
Poor, pale Ghost, mid the grass  
Of the graves to glide about,  
As if searching for a tomb,  
In and out, in and out,  
Flashing slender through the gloom !

I thought she did wake up !  
And her blue eyes' wandering light  
Grew quite grey and mad with fright !  
What is it doth her appal ?—  
There is no shadow on the wall !  
Lo ! a Shape stands near her,  
Not with ministering cup,  
Not with words to cheer her ;  
    But a thing of Horror,  
    Ever waiting for her,  
    Saying " I am Death !  
    Give me then thy breath."  
    Rattle ! Rattle !—" To these arms,  
    Maiden, yield thy faded charms."

" Life, oh ! Life !" she cried,  
" I will not be Death's Bride—  
I have a lover new  
Of earth comes me to woo."

Then the flutter of her heart  
Hurries into beating  
With a dull and muffled sound,  
Each stroke a hunted creature's bound !

the pale moon's wintry beam  
you might have seen her bosom striving,  
like your own in fearful dream,  
a snow-wreath tossing, driving,  
and her breath so fleeting  
might be heard in choking sob and cry,  
    " I am too young to die!  
    So young to die !"

when the Figure did deride her,  
and his lasting grin grew wider :  
tremor o'er the Bones did pass  
heard like serpents in parch'd grass,  
as shuddering Ice-plains creep,  
when the dim seas break their sleep.

a mighty, giant bell  
aging in his deafen'd cell,  
tolling quick with iron knell  
over a plague-infected city,  
note the Voice upon her ear  
mellow, hollow, and so clear,  
angels ! aid her for sweet pity !  
there is no one near.

Still more nigh, still more nigh !  
With no one near to call,  
And farther fades the wall  
And more dull seemeth all  
To her staring eye—  
Save the spectral trees so tall  
That heavily wave by,  
Like hearse-plumes on a pall !

“ What hast thou to fear in me ?—  
Speak, what charms hath Life for thee ?  
Is thy living life and breath  
Not more frightful still than Death ?  
And the Spectre of thy youth  
Ghastlier far than mine in truth ?  
Is the dark street's wintry doom  
Not more chilling than the tomb ?  
Do not all mankind deceive thee ;  
Still betraying, none believe thee ;  
Canst thou number father, mother,  
Faithful friend, or sister, brother ?  
Hast thou friend like me on earth ? ”  
Fast and furious grew his mirth !  
And the monster's ribs did rattle

Sharp and cold like steel in battle ;  
Whilst his blotted, deep eye-caves  
Clos'd as fast, as poor men's graves  
    When fierce Want is nigh ;  
    Then open'd horribly  
    In the strange and wicked light :  
    Moon ! why shinest thou so bright ?

Hear the poor Girl speak again,  
Each word tears her side in pain.

“ Let me, let me only live ;  
Still to me the sky is blue,  
And these flowers, oh ! they give  
E'en for me their incense true.”  
As she spake, the sigh of Death  
Shrank the flowers, her last fond care,  
As they felt his blistering breath  
Curdle in the ghastly air.

“ Oh, the fields they are so bright !  
There was something whisper'd, soon  
I might wander in the light  
Of the sun, through fields, at noon,  
Then my thoughts to God I'd give,  
Let me, let me only live !”

Suddenly, Death grew less stern,  
Soon his form to air doth turn,  
And the shape that did appal  
Seem'd but shadows on the wall  
Of a naked poplar there  
Twirling in the gusty air.

Hush ! an organ-strain doth fill  
Soft as flutes the chamber still ;  
    'Twas like memory of sound  
    To fond souls that love ;  
    It rose from out the ground  
    From beneath, above,  
Till those tearful eyes did swim  
Of the Maiden faint and dim,  
And she knew how sweet it was to die ;  
    To leave this world of pain,  
    Of shame and earthly stain,  
And she cried “ Death, wherefore dost thou fly  
    I am not young to die !  
    Oh ! let me die ! ”

Soon a Form stood near,  
Not of woe, or fear,

f semblance bright,  
 ing in the moon's sweet, silvery light,  
 ts face look'd like her brother,  
 ful sister, father, mother,  
 he lov'd, ere sin had known to breathe  
 r sweet girlhood's bloom,  
 ed one rose-leaf from her early wreath  
 nocence, upon the Tomb.

flush'd the dying Maiden's face  
 le of such enchanting grace,  
 en the beating heart is blest  
 praise from lips we love the best ;  
 he Spirit's grow her eyes,  
 e life within her dies,  
 t halo streams her hair,  
 e breathes a thrilling prayer :  
 ' O God ! O God ! forgive ;  
 would not, would not live !"

\* \* \* \*

is the burning spot  
 r pale cheek that fed,

10        DEATH AND THE MAGDALEN.

Her eyes' wild light beams not,  
Her broken voice is dead !  
The night wears slow, with sighings low  
Strange shadows come and fly,  
As in the breeze, the spectral trees,  
Uncertain, tremble nigh :  
To her feet soon stole  
The silvery bowl  
Of the moon, that kiss'd before  
Her amber hair,  
So brightly there ;  
But the Maiden will stir no more.

Hush ! I hear the aspen leaves,  
Or the sprite that in them grieves,  
Whisper in the shadowy air,  
“ Death is come and gone ! ”  
Hush ! I am alone,  
In the sick room's poverty ;  
Farewell ! Maiden fair,  
Thy faint life hath flown,  
Yet how sweetly, tranquilly,  
Wonder—ye that dare !

'Twas her heart betray'd her,  
Her sad life hath paid her  
Foul impurities ;  
Hot and bitter tears,  
Cold and ghastly fears,  
Ere, alone, she dies !  
God will never judge her,  
As her fellow sinners here below,  
Though they wrought her woe :  
Seraphs will not grudge her  
Room mid serried rank and shining row :  
Thither she will go !  
To a bright glad sphere,  
Far above, in the blue spangled sky,  
Angels singing waft her soul on high :  
Proud ones ! do ye hear ?



## THE MEMORY OF SALE.

A SONG of tears and fire !  
To weep and praise the brave,  
Who for England's glory fell,  
Her name of pride to save :  
Let each proud swelling note,  
Struck in music from the lyre,  
Upon the full winds float,  
And to the rapt world tell  
That the child of British earth  
Hath a twin-heroic birth ;  
And, though crown'd upon the wave,  
Where he rides with dauntless band,  
He is monarch of the land  
That his foes insulting gave  
To his sword !

A song of tears and fire !  
To mourn and bless thee, Sale !  
Though thy couch be dimly spread,  
And thy star of life is pale ;  
Since on field red-trampled o'er  
Thou didst glorious expire,  
And our battle-host no more  
Thou may'st in triumph head ;  
Still thy name we will adore,  
Till e'en glory's self be dead,  
And the sun of England fled,  
And her throne to darkness hurl'd,  
And her flag for ever furl'd,  
In its stormy ocean bed  
Laid to rest !

A Pyramid of Song !  
To honour still the brave,  
Who fell, unknown to fame,  
In the blood-surge of the wave  
Rolling crested through the fight ;  
When England's shout rose strong  
Above that sulphurous night,  
With its fierce eyes of flame

Flashing death-lit through the gloom  
As the cannon's dreadful boom  
Toll'd its thousands to the grave :  
Let us weep their gallant doom ;  
In our bosoms be their tomb !  
Since for us their lives they gave,  
Far from hence !

Far from their island home !  
They must welter there, away,  
By the jungle's burning side,  
In mute and sad array :  
The " Mountain-girdle " near  
Hath no sound of dashing foam,  
Or rippling cadence clear,  
As around the chalky pride  
Of the " Island-girdle " dear,  
Where, with spreading canvass, ride  
Our fleets upon the tide :  
No ! their English hearts cold lie  
'Neath a strange and cruel sky,  
Far away !

Far away ! far away !  
And a thousand homes are reft

Of the beautiful and brave,  
That with beating bosoms left,  
High in hope, warm in blood ;  
When the Mother whispered “ stay !”  
And the Father doubtful stood,  
As he thought of his own grave,  
But not of their young death ;  
And the Maiden held her breath,  
Till her heart nigh burst with pain,  
For she felt she might no more  
Those lov'd features wander o'er  
With her eyes, whose tears, like rain,  
Blinding fell !

Yet once more raise the song !  
In deathless, stirring note,  
The Western shores along  
Let it reverberate,  
Where in the boastful gale  
The “ stripes and stars ” wild float ;  
Palsy the Frenchman's hate ;  
Bend Joinville's pirate mast,  
And tell with trumpet blast  
England hath plenty of like breed :

Ay! many like thee, Sale!  
That shall conquer at her need,  
And with thee, victorious, bleed;  
Or, amid the storm-shot's hail,  
Smile in Death!

---

## NOTES.

*Page 11, line 12.*

*Mountain-girdle*] a name in India given to the chain of the Himalaya.

*Page 15, line 23.*

*Joinville's pirate mast*] This expression has reference to the spirit of fierce hostility evinced by the *Joinville Pamphlet*; in which he talks of steaming up the Thames and carrying fire and sword to London, &c. &c.



## THE IDLE SCHOLAR'S LAMENT.

### I.

**A**H me ! It is my fate, as it hath been  
To many a soul of brighter fluid far,  
Mid the carrion crowd of worldlings keen,  
To bow before Ambition's Idol car.

### II.

Not the entrancement of poetic lore,  
That fires and lulls by turns the willing breast,  
Not yet to heap Philosophy's rich store  
In russet mantle of retirement drest :

### III.

Not yet the Painter's lov'd, romantic art,  
Oft thankless, yet whose fond dreams never die,  
Not yet the Soldier's gorgeous, stirring part,  
Whose hurried breathings leave no pause to sigh :

IV.

Nor still to choose a curious, roving state,  
 Seeking to feed the mind with phases new  
 Of men and customs ;—the small strife to hate  
 Of Prejudice (that fungus-like else grew

V.

Into the stagnant spirit needing change) ;  
 To mock the apish Fantasy of Birth  
 And peaking Pride, beyond its narrow range,  
 That knows no good :—fit subjects for wit  
 mirth !

VI.

But the dull Imp of cramped and driest Law,  
 'Tis mine to work in rusty shackles bare ;  
 From muddy sources bastard learning draw ;  
 Unwilling, yielding all life's spring-time rare,

VII.

To be a thing of rule and form at best,  
 The mind enchain'd, of barren words the slave  
 With intricacies mean, that give no rest  
 Unto the plodding soul, that calm would crave

VIII.

Forbidding Fancy's beck'ning wavy troop,  
Within my brain that lead their mazy round,  
With frown so stern the tricksy sylphids droop,  
Their flute-like voices by dull murmur drown'd,

IX.

Of endless babbling of the husky tongue,  
That wags in mimick'd Justice' loudest aid,  
Yon gown'd, pedantic, pert, cold herd among,  
Whose forkèd counsels are provok'd, as paid.

X.

Bidding adieu to all the graceful band  
Of white-rob'd Sage and Poet Ivy-crown'd,  
With whom I lov'd to wander hand-in-hand  
In Classic dream o'er unprovèd ground.

XI.

One glowing hour a deep and pink carouse  
With him of mystic union with the vine,  
Hale, old Anacreon—Your pale shade to rouse,  
My delicate Tibullus!—softly fine.

## XII.

Then ride upon the whirlwind of thy woes,  
Prometheus! calmly bidding Earthquakes rock,  
Or listing Progne's melancholy throes,  
Rest with Thee, Œdipus! on sacred block:

## XIII.

Thence to white Athens' neighbouring *Bema* fly,  
With her warm children awhile shouting seem,  
Then disputant with Plato saunter by;  
Not careless, in dark groves of Academe!

## XIV.

Or join the band with upturn'd face that sung  
Of brave Harmodius' myrtle-wreathed sword,  
Whose stringèd shells with battle-arms up-hung  
Breath'd fitfully, with wild, Æolian chord.

## XV.

And lov'd I not benighted too to roam,  
In guise of damsel, dwarf, or knight afield,  
With Ariosto seek enchanted dome,  
Warm Tasso sigh, or truest falchion wield:

## XVI.

hen strangest company I'd sometime seek,  
If idly, yet with a reward mine own,  
Did the Enchanter's subtle minions freak  
With *Larvæ*, changelings, elves familiar grown :

## XVII.

uch as old Apuleius' nookèd mine  
Of quaint, wild fancies that grotesquely rise,  
Like storied tapestry of dim design  
And flaunting arabesque to mock the eyes ;

## XVIII.

Or add another to the poet band  
Of Virgil, Ovid, Lucan, Homer old,  
Whom Danté bid arise, with ebon wand,  
While forth his mighty, mystic numbers roll'd—

## XIX.

uch Herrick—to whom brought the Fayes his  
lyre,  
Their little eyes like glow-worms' lamps soft-lit,  
Bedding to earth their crocus-dipt attire  
Of gauzy texture with pied flowers y-knit ;

XX.

Which daintily he took, in fine repose,  
 Smiling with rare conceit of classic fire,  
 And struck such golden numbers, ere he rose,  
 None might surpass that elfin-tuned lyre.

XXI.

And other poets, that have ere-while sung  
 Of England's beauty, triumphs nobly made,  
 Her gallant sons, her daughters fair and young,  
 Her Summer fields, oak-halls, and chequer'd  
 shade.

\* \* \* \*

XXII.

No more I may indulge such dreams, no more  
 Live on bright fresco-thoughts of ages past,  
 Heap flowers new on fancy's idle store ;  
 In sterner mould my common lot is cast.

XXIII.

And here, where aye a hideous hum doth rise,  
 The worship of the sordid Demon, Pelf ;  
 Where crowds whirl by with furtive, wolfish eyes,  
 Hating their fellows ; as intent on self :

## XXIV.

Where a sad curtain of black smoke doth lie,  
Between the lower air which mortals drink  
And the incumbent æther of the sky,  
Like angry wreath on old Vesuvio's brink :

## XXV.

As the fair sun, and each pure lesser light,  
Quiring the music of the silver spheres,  
By sight and sound would be disorder'd quite  
Of that which *London* daily sees and hears—

## XXVI.

It is my fate to dwell ! Where fire's alarm  
Disturbs Night's fitful reign with sudden woe ;  
Where Crime leaps forth with bare and branded  
arm,  
Or, muffled, glides Infection rank to blow.

## XXVII.

Where Want with quick and curdling glance out  
stalks,  
And vainly strives to pierce the atmosphere,  
That wraps the rich man, as abroad he walks,  
Stifling faint sobs of hungry infants near.

## XXVIII.

Where hollow shouts of Prostitution bold  
Sad, grating echoes on remembrance leave,  
And faded creatures smile, whose downfall told  
Might palsy Rapture, and make Lewdness  
grieve.

## XXIX.

Where noble bridges with stupendous span  
O'er massy Thames their curvèd grandeur throw,  
Signs of a people's wealth—whence nightly can  
The abject pauper plunge to die below.

## XXX.

And on the river's cold, Cimmerian stream  
A thousand lights their sullen splendour shed;  
Like moments of forc'd mirth, that idly gleam  
O'er the dark current of a life ill-spèd.

## XXXI.

The blood-shot moisture of the Harlot eye,  
The staggering wretch that once of home could  
prate,  
The night's harsh guardian, prim'd with brazen lie  
Despair to harden into guilty hate.

XXXII.

The shuffling gait of age, that mumbling goes,  
    Scanning with glassy eye the gutter's wealth ;  
The serpent-wisdom of the child that knows  
    No spring of life, or thoughtless, rosy health :—

XXXIII.

Mock'd with the contrast of the Palace Rout,  
    The perfum'd stillness of the proud man's  
    soul,  
That cries upon the madden'd Mother, " out !"  
    As to yon white and lackey'd steps she stole.

XXXIV.

Or haughty splendour of the Club's array,  
    Like brisk Aladdin's halls by Genie dight ;  
Where listless Sloth lolls out the livelong day,  
    Or wakes to legislate, or wench, by night.

XXXV.

And dazzling cars, with careful, selfish arts  
    Bedizen'd, rattling past, in my sad thought,  
Grate o'er the stones, as crushing the worn hearts  
    Of Poverty, a myriad Juggernaut !

## XXXVI.

Such Town ! thy charms, as with hot breath I turn  
From prating Courts, or chambers' dull decay,  
To streets, whose sick lamps heavy flickering burn  
Through clammy air, infect with yellow ray.

## XXXVII.

Quitting the Babel of the clattering hall,  
Or weary wrangling of the perjur'd throng,  
And all the parchment tribe of creatures small,  
Half of whose bread is earn'd by conscious  
wrong.

## XXXVIII.

Oh ! daily heart-sickness of this my life, [woe ;  
Oh ! heavy soul whose wings are clogg'd with  
That hath no taste for sour dispute and strife,  
And paltry threading of this maze below.

## XXXIX.

But, what avails it idly thus to mourn  
O'er the sad ills of this my forc'd estate,  
And thus in wailing verse to touch forlorn  
Faint stops on meagre straws that harshly grate ?

## XL.

Hence ! O ye fond repinings, hence depart !  
Each recreant murmur into silence die ;  
Be steel'd with choice heroic, my faint heart :  
Man's noblest boon on earth is energy !

## XLI.

To act the part appointed, own the power  
To heal the bruis'd one, still the orphan's cry  
Is worth the gladdest, sunset-gilded hour,  
That ever frolick'd neath a cloudless sky.

## XLII.

And still there is a form serenely bright,  
Whose voice in fancy rings upon mine ear ;  
As whispers in the Summer breezes light  
The tiny sound of mountain hare-bells clear.

## XLIII.

A youthful dream of warmest Raphaël's sleep,  
(Which never on his canvass glow'd so fair)  
As him the pale moon in chaste light did steep,  
Glancing from easel tall, or ebon chair :

## XLIV.

What time through Myrtle trees she noiseless  
peer'd,

Tipping the Olive with more silvery sheen,  
In quiet, neighbouring garden, still rever'd,  
As by the Painter, or far stranger seen.

## XLV.

Lucretia, ere the stealthy, felon eye,  
First chill'd her bosom with prophetic fear,  
Of him whose hell-born passion bid her die,  
In grace of thoughtless glee was not her peer.

## XLVI.

Nor that sweet, fawn-eyed girl, the sacrifice  
To howling Demons on bleak Aulis' shore;  
Unconscious there she stands. Lo! in a trice,  
Her smiling features pale, to blush no more:

## XLVII.

Yet she was wont to grace the Ancestral hall,  
That ruthless sire to please, with bird-like song,  
The darling of the gray-beard warriors all,  
Tripping with gentle step the guests among.

## XLVIII.

Let me labour with a giant's power,  
 Toil through the irksome day and nightly spell;  
 Getting every wild, untutor'd hour,  
 And idle, dreamy haunt I lov'd so well,

## XLIX.

One perchance that wakes, when he hath drain'd  
 The Carnival's electric, rosy draught;  
 To himself a smiling birthright feign'd,  
 In elfin world, that eight days round him  
 Laugh'd;

## L.

Farewell! Farewell! Mine idle verse is sped,  
 To-night I'll shatter my lyre's trembling frame,  
 To wake next morn with stern and thoughtful  
 Head,  
 Boldly to coin an energetic name!

## NOTES.

*Page 20, stanza 14.*

Ἐν μύρτῳ το ξίφος φορήσω,

Ὡσπερ Ἀρμόδιος Κάριστογείτων.

*Page 21, stanza 18.*

*Vide* Dante, Canto iv. where Virgil introduces the poet to the shades of Homer, Horace, Ovid, and Lucan.

“ Onorate l’altissimo poeta, &c.”

*Page 21, stanza 19.*

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,  
The shooting stars attend thee ;  
And the elves also, whose little eyes glow  
Like stars of the night, befriend thee. (HERRICK.)

Κροκου βαφὰς δ’ ἐς πέδον χέουσai. (ÆSCHYL. *Agam.*)

*Page 22, stanza 22.*

“ Fresco thoughts,” *i. e.* pictured thoughts. To those who have been in Italy, the word fresco gives at once that idea of bright, vivid colouring, and powerful execution, which suggests this epithet, as applied to the imagery of the mind.

*Page 26, stanza 39.*

Whose lean and flashy songs  
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw.  
(MILTON, *Lycidas.*)

*Page 28, stanza 44.*

The garden of Raphaël, still shown at Rome.

*Page 28, stanza 46.*

Παλιρρόθοις ἐν ’Αυλίδος τόποις.

*Page 28, stanza 47.*

Προσεννέπειν  
Θέλουσ’, ἐπεὶ πολλάκις,  
Πατρός κατ’ ἀνδρῶνας ἐντραπέζους  
ἔμελψεν. (ÆSCHYL. *Agam.* 240.)



## ON FLOWERS

THAT DID STRAIGHT WITHER IN THE BOSOME OF  
HIS MISTRESSE.

LATE a fresh and wondrous posie  
Gave I to my Mistresse fayre,  
Green-stemm'd flowers pied and mossie ;  
All the garden's eyes were there !  
“ Prest to thy pouting lip of Júly,  
Sweete ! let them thus bath'd in mixte dewe lie.”

Shall I tell you what they were ?  
Orphan Lily trembled there ;  
In the centre folded Rose  
Shell-like did pinke depths disclose ;  
Minute musicke Jasmine breath'd  
From her pale pipe, and was wreath'd

Climbing Convolvulus unrulie,  
To kisse my Maiden's lip of Júly.

To her vermeil lip of Júly  
(Me obeying, oft unrulie)  
Violet and folded Rose  
She prest; and then they sought repose;  
On her white bosome's glorious bedding,  
Their prism of varied light rich-shedding.

But, O strange surprise! O feare!  
See their bright hues disappeare.  
Broad Convolvulus doth first  
Pine and peake, by Magick curste,  
Lily bends, too low, her necke,  
Rose a death-spot pale doth freck;  
All soone in that sweet place are faded,  
That might, methinkes, their life have aided.

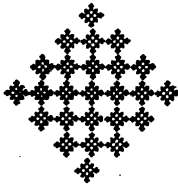
Our hearts bode some coming ill;  
Tears my Maiden's eyes doe fill,  
With finger tremulous she sought  
To give each swooning flower support;  
Then to me, " Saye, Love! they sleep

Apeing Death, that I may weepe?"  
I thus, " For thee, sweet Sainte, their lives they've  
given,  
Mortals they must die, ere taste of Heaven !"

---

## NOTE.

The proper pronounciation of July is to accent the first syllable.





## A DESCRIPTION OF MODERN ROME.

**B**EGGARS, thieves, priests and Maskers,  
Dark eyes and daggers, maccaroni, figs,  
Ripe figs, and hearts most rotten, mouldy ripe,  
Sour wine, and dirty linen, blue skies, fleas,  
Mandolines; monks, black, white, and whitey-  
brown;

Pimps, churches, fountains, lies in everything;  
Strangers too loose in their own land to stay,  
Chapels for milestones, on the road to pray,  
Religious sweat and murder in one day,  
A husband friendly, whilst his wife doth play,  
Foul streets, fine pictures, payment and delay,  
Folly and flow'rs, where deadly snakes oft lay,  
High and low voices not in nature's way;  
Thus modern, papist Rome is, one may say,  
A grinning Fungus on sublime decay!



## THE KHYBER PASS.

### I.

WAS of the Khyber Pass,  
Where many an English soldier gasping fell,  
in a magic glass  
ision o'er me came with breathèd spell.

\* \* \* \*

### II.

e limbs a fearful crop  
n by angry war and Death last year,  
they would never stop,  
d and heap'd, and cross'd and strewn appear ;  
ite, horrid faces stare  
m beneath, above, on jaggèd cliff,  
deep in hollow lair ;  
n Picture motionless and stiff ;

Jacket red, with purple stain, and cloven cap a  
wound,  
Gaping fresh, as when convuls'd the breast th  
bore it swoon'd.

## III.

Each, from his shroud of white,  
Glares around with icy, bloodshot eye  
And crack'd lips open'd quite,  
As in Death's last, sobbing, wintry sigh :  
Sad resurrectionists,  
Creeping winds unfasten from strange grave  
Friends, or antagonists,  
Horse, or woman, child, or soldier brave :  
Every instant, as the snow weeps heavy witho  
sound,  
Grows on sight a ghastlier thing from the re  
bristling ground.

## IV.

Stark, in arrest of fear,  
See a circled throng with clasp'd hands sit,  
As they were waiting there  
Death that vulture-like around doth flit :

eds of life are in them yet ;  
at the hollow drum and blow the fife !  
out ! to their feet they'll get,  
ze their pil'd arms and prepare for strife ;  
y for England and sweet home, unfurl their  
colours damp :  
ey rise ! they form ! they march ! with quick  
and soldier tramp.

## v.

ound is turmoil heard,  
ild and woman hurry, war-horse neighs,  
ch from his rest hath stirr'd—  
rward ! midst their rattling, words of praise  
sharp rebuke resound—  
the warrior pageant glitters on,  
hilst time-beat rings the ground,  
d twice ten thousand eyes are lit as one  
om under plumèd shako high, bright helm and  
cap :  
rill and joyous carols fife, with the drum's he-  
rald tap.

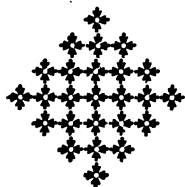
## VI.

Around, in gorgeous life,  
Panoramic winds the pass along,  
Caparison'd for strife,  
Horse and man, loud cracks the driver's thong,  
And swart Artillery  
O'er the rugged path mad-bounding leap,  
A glorious sight to see,  
Tramp, tramp, each soldier presses up the steep;  
Banners wave and bayonets glance sharply to the  
sky,  
With colours old, whose names of pride are proudly  
carried by.

## VII.

When came a hollow scream,  
As if all earth, dismay'd, gave up her dead;  
At once, with lurid gleam,  
The idle, rattling arms to earth are shed:  
Then no sound comes near  
Save the flapping of the Vulture high in air,  
Sailing up the Gorge in fear,  
Lest any living thing might still be there:

And half wrapt in the careless snows, that ghastly,  
wild parade  
Sank all again, by stern command of Death, in  
slumber laid.





## TO EUGÈNE SUE.

**O**H! Eugène Sue, fell Eugène Sue!  
France be the country still for you :  
Thy morbid ravings we can spare,  
And Frenchmen's breasts laid ghastly bare :  
'Twere hard indeed thou shouldst expect  
We can the shade of good detect ;  
Could any good, thou know'st, assuage  
The fierce rank poison of thy page :  
Scarce *Vidocque's* self might apprehend  
The murky horrors thou hast penn'd ;  
We have an Ainsworth *gratis*, Sue !  
Then what have we to do with you ?

Hark ! upon Afric's shore accurst,  
Through the Earth's pitying bowels burst

The cries and moans of victims slain,  
Helpless, in agonizèd pain,  
Like shrieks of Hell, from Etna sent,  
Through bubbling fissure, fiery rent !

The pen and sword of France are one !  
Work well together—Thou’rt *her* Son.  
If thou *must* wander, “ Jew,” or “ Sue,”  
Algeria be the clime for you—  
There fetid Vultures flap their wings,  
Whilst the hot air fresh poison brings ;  
And fiendish, wild tongues might rejoice  
To hail thy lewd, blaspheming voice.

To us be all thy fancies dead,  
Within that cave obscene thy head,  
Whence arm’d they spring to hurt the earth,  
And poison Nature with their birth !  
Virtue hath left her footsteps here,  
E’en those might fade, if thou wert near.  
Visit not England, stay in France,  
With tiger-hate and monkey-dance.  
Oh ! Eugène Sue, fell Eugène Sue !  
This is not yet a land for you.

*Page 39, line 11.*

*We have an Ainsworth, &c.]* Not the slightest of comparing Mr. Ainsworth with M. Eugène Sue, maintained by the Author. What is meant is, that we *longo intervallo* indeed, writers, whose taste leads us sufficiently to the fantastic and horrible, to satisfy the of the Public, without our having recourse to the productions of the French school of novel writing.

The above lines were scribbled on the occasion of the visit of Eugène Sue to England, invited by the Chester Athenæum! We understand many ladies were at a thing called a *Soirée* in that city, impatient to behold the notorious French Writer. Was it their intention to erect him a statue in their hearts, pure in its conception in Hyde Park was, in its execution? We know not come.





“LET THE GALLED JADE WINCE.”

(FROM AN UNPUBLISHED PLAY.)

SO I have heard,  
There *have* been men, in such a hapless land,  
As this poor IRELAND; unctuous, wordy men,  
With slug-like skins, and smiling, cheerful faces,  
That, with their pamper'd families, grew fat,  
By bleeding Famine's well-nigh bloodless frame,  
Lessening the pauper's bitter, scanty bread,  
Season'd with salt tears; shredding finer still  
The blanket huddled to the stone-cold heart  
Of the wild, bigot, ghastly, dying wretch—  
Thus, for a devilish and unnatural gain,  
Mowing the lean grass of a Golgotha!  
Sitting, like grinning Death, to clutch the toll





## CIRCUMSTANCE.

FROM THE SAME.

HUS he, that hath once robb'd from impulse,  
oft,  
ist his scar'd conscience, doth repeat the sin ;  
ng lost all, his name—not being believ'd,  
n he would fain be better. Would he mend?—  
ghted Virtue shakes him from her skirt,  
a foul Pestilence :  
ae that stumbling on a mountain side  
s wild from crag to crag, but strives to check  
downward impetus, so topples he,  
hing at all, but gaining aid from none :  
the pace mends, the dream-bound victim  
flies,  
in rages headlong, and thus lost,  
outstretch'd arms and stride abandon'd, woos

The frenzied whirlwind of his dread career !  
Again,  
See the lewd, heartless villain, that hath crept,  
With save-all arts and glozing, petty cares,  
To hold a stake in virtue and the world,  
Become a pattern to all eyes ; so men  
Should deem his youth were slander'd, ere believe  
Their senses' evidence of its cheap guilt—  
Ay, though they'd seen his slidings, ere his soul,  
Baptiz'd by Mammon, had grown nice, and felt  
Necessity of dull worth : and e'en thus  
The mind familiar long with virtuous act,  
Kindles a bastard virtue in itself,  
Sprung from reflection of dear, outward habit ;  
Which burns so seeming pure on this blind earth,  
So self-deceiving gleams in frigid pride,  
That Heaven's eye alone,  
In the great flood of light through all things pierc-  
ing  
One vast, electric, dazzling, waveless tide,  
Bright streaming on the myriad-imag'd face  
Of all the human family fear-bound  
In doubt or sickening horror's apathy,

o great judgment-day of wrath and love,  
naked souls shall tremble,  
n's gaze, alone, shall look it into blindness,  
uench its livid, weak, dull, useless flame.





## SONG.

COLD, Oh! cold the March winds be;  
High up in a leafless tree  
The little bird sits, and wearily twits  
The woods with perjury;  
But the Cuckoo knave sings bold his stave,  
(Ever the spring comes merrily)  
And "O poor fool!" sings he:  
For this is the way in the world to live  
To mock when a friend hath no more to give;  
Whether in hall, or tree!

And 'tis ne'er a friend to trust,  
Or little, if ye must;  
For Friendship lies in smiles, not sighs,  
And fleeth the wintry gust:  
And whether 'tis got of gold or not,

**(Ever sing on a summer day)**

**I know gold melts away,**

**And hearts are changing clay.**

**Since then true friends are jealous and giving is  
vile,**

**Heart, be barren, for liking is not worth the while—**

**Dream not that it will stay !**



## SONG.

**H**AVE ye heard  
A lonely ruin stirr'd  
By the sweet song of a bird,  
Away from summer skies,  
Prison'd with its broken wing?—  
So, when the heart hath met its doom,  
As it beats and dies .  
In the bosom's tomb,  
The lips may idly sing !



ON REACHING HIS TWENTY-SIXTH  
BIRTHDAY.

**M**Y five-and-twentieth year hath swiftly flown,  
And I, alas ! no nearer Heaven have grown  
Than when, a child, I lisp'd just like the breeze,  
Orthought the bright moon touch'd the forest trees.

And yet I've learnt, mid sorrow, care, and strife,  
To reel less wildly through the Masque of Life,  
By his own torch to read the doom of Love,  
And label Friendship with her *price* above.

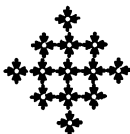
To mark the worldling toss'd upon the sea—  
The crested foam of dark Eternity,  
Dash'd 'gainst his brother Atom, still grimace,  
And to mean worship trim his recreant face.

52    ON HIS TWENTY-SIXTH BIRTHDAY.

Yet still the stars in truthful orbits roll,  
And Hope lives frescoed in the skies' blue scroll,  
And Conscience' shining legions ever fight,  
Waving their flag in God's own pillar'd light !

Live on, thou trembling heart ! in praise below ;  
Beam on, ye myriad stars ! in radiant glow—  
Earth's joys shall point where purer joys are found,  
Her tears but halo your bright homes around !

Feb. 17th, 1846.





## THE PLAIN OF THE FORSAKEN.

**M**Y heart is ice, my brain is hot,  
He loves me not, he loves me not ;  
He for whom my wild eyes grew  
Daily softer and more true ;  
He for whom I would have given  
All the debt I owe to Heaven,  
Tramples on this aching breast !  
Let me, let me be at rest !

I have laugh'd at Jealousy,  
As at that which could not be ;  
Now it seems as I had ne'er  
Known aught but its frantic care.  
Cunning strange is ever bred  
In this rack'd and bursting head,

To know things unseen, unheard ;  
Thus to madness I am stirr'd,  
And whetted on my heart-strings true  
Thought stabs that frenzied heart anew !

I have smil'd at tales of love  
As at that I could not prove ;  
Jested loud with flashing eye,  
Pouted, frown'd, bid lovers die.  
Now the Truth burns o'er my cheek,  
Whilst my parch'd lips strive to speak ;  
And I feel cold shadows rise  
From my breast to dim these eyes.  
In the night I seem to fall  
From some height, then struggling call,  
And the echo of my cry,  
As I wake, doth bid me die  
With the anguish of his name  
Throbbing through my wintry frame.  
Since I nurs'd this earthly love  
No light gilds me from above ;  
Like a doom'd and crazy thing,  
O'er the chill waves staggering.  
For since he scorns me, loves me not,

My soul seems with my heart forgot.  
Alas ! that I may be forgiven,  
I quarrel with the thought of Heaven !  
Death ! come take me, take me all,  
Wrap my soul up in thy pall.  
God ! I am not fit for Thee,  
Let my sleep eternal be ;  
Lest, awaking, still my love  
Should drag me from the heights above,  
And wild regret, with burning spell  
Of one fierce thought, call up a hell !





## I THOUGHT I MADLY LOV'D NO MORE.

### I.

**I** THOUGHT I madly lov'd no more,  
That all my fever'd dream was o'er;  
But I have slept, like funeral bell,  
My heart still beats the sombre knell  
Of hope and love I deem'd were deep  
Lost in the grave's eternal sleep.  
No! Passion's wild and busy crowd  
Round my faint soul still shriek aloud!

### II.

The mourners of that death-like train  
Still on the cold earth live again,  
Frenzied Despair, that rack'd my brain,  
Grief, and the heart's dull, throbbing pain.

Lately a melody I heard,  
That once my soul to rapture stirr'd;  
I thought that rapture could not die,  
Immortal as the glowing sky,  
That arch'd the pure shrine of our love,  
A heaven beneath, a heaven above.

III.

I feel when sun-lit flowers wave,  
They'd flaunt less idly on my grave :  
When heavy dews around me fall,  
The tears of Night o'er Nature's pall ;  
Oh ! how they mock these burning eyes—  
A tear were something still to prize—  
The echo of that hollow groan  
Deceives me not, I am alone !



## TO WOMAN.

### I.

**O**H Woman! sweet, seraphic creature,  
Thou art an angel, but in name;  
Though heaven beam from every feature,  
Where, where thy wings to fly from shame?

### II.

Whilst treacherous man doth still pursue thee,  
With earthly, soul-corroding flame;  
He calls thee "Angel" to undo thee,  
And then thou lovest e'en the name!



## THE BOUQUET EXCUSED.

### I.

**I** WILL not give thee flowers,  
For I must know they die.  
But, through the incense-hours  
Of night, in song I'll wreathe  
Their bright forms, that shall breathe,  
And gently wave and sigh,  
My love, sweet love ! to Thee.

### II.

The Violet shall stoop,  
As if the winds swept low,  
The Lily pale shall droop,  
Like a sweet novice praying,  
Whilst tremblingly are swaying  
Blue Hare-bells to and fro,  
As laden with a bee.

## III.

The Rose with crimson blush  
Shall on thy moist lip sup,  
The deep Carnation's flush  
Touch warmly thy warm cheek;  
The orphan Daisy meek,  
That child-like gazes up  
In wild simplicity.

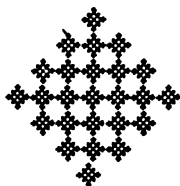
## IV.

O Myrtle! darkly bright,  
Orange! with nuptial bloom,  
Pale green and shell-like white—  
Sisters Anemone!  
Hither entwreathed be,  
Yet not unto your tomb,  
But in sweet fantasy.

## V.

For I'd not pluck the flowers,  
Their Angel-hues would die,  
I'll leave them in their bowers

With Spirit-hum and glee—  
Only in poesy  
I'd ask of them to sigh  
My love, sweet love! to Thee.





## THE CARNIVAL AT ROME.

(PUBLISHED IN BENTLEY'S MAGAZINE, JULY 1844.)

**T**HE Carnival is o'er, with its strange and w  
delight ;  
Now my heart is sad and heavy, like a tir'd ch  
at night ;  
And my dream of girlish forms is gone, and han  
so small to see,  
And wavy hair, and boddice tight, and necks  
ivory,  
And eyes that tremulously glanc'd from balco  
and car,  
And the beauteous lady bending near, and th  
fair girl beck'ning far :  
Like faded flowers trodden late in the City's go  
geous street,  
In few short hours Time's chariot-wheels hav  
crush'd my fancies sweet.

mask'd *festini* all are o'er, with liquid orbs  
half seen,  
glimpses round of crystal wells through dark,  
umbrageous green,  
shrill accost and jest are hush'd and playful,  
saucy feet  
onger now, at dead of night, their round fan-  
tastic beat.  
visor black, that lately hid both passion's  
deadly frown  
joyous stare of innocence, a thing of nought  
is grown ;  
robes of mystery, that wrapp'd around each  
working breast,  
shapeless things of silk are cast into the  
silent chest ;  
evelry is dead ; whilst the gaunt and shaven  
priest,  
e cold and stately church, proclaims the moral  
of the feast.

moments of intenser life my soul still cling  
around,  
wake from dreams of fairy bliss, or tir'd sleep  
profound ;

Some pearly sounds are ringing still, that make  
chill'd heart beat,

Like summer voices heard amidst a calm and gr  
retreat,

When the humming of the fields is o'er, and silen  
ushers eve,

And the very flowers our feet press down, their k  
guid heads scarce heave—

When, lost in July reverie, with half-clos'd ey  
we see

A dreamy wizard shape assume each Drya  
haunted tree,

The equal-feather'd Cypress, or the Olive's mys  
age,

Laocoon-like, that upward wreathes its limbs di  
tort with rage,—

When e'en the shadowy sprite that sighs amid th  
poplar leaves

Is lapp'd in gladness by the hour,—or grievin  
silent grieves.

The lips, which spake those silvery sounds I ne'  
again may see ;

But oft, like dreams of childish love, they'll hau  
my memory.

as, too, there were, as one had stray'd bright,  
crystal gates within,  
ere spirits dwell and met their eyes without  
reproof or sin ;  
hands clasp'd hands unknown before, with  
strange, magnetic charm,  
all abash'd, their clasp unloos'd, with sudden  
sweet alarm.  
glorious is the *Carnival*, that rayless pride  
subdues,  
king the common things of life with rich, un-  
wonted hues :  
it glorious is the *Carnival* ! that likes not  
hollow mould  
hearts, from eager sympathies fenc'd round with  
cautious gold.  
poet and the painter then walk forth with step  
unbound,  
gaze abroad with glistening eye, that never  
seeks the ground ;  
the fiction bravely coin'd of the poet devotee,  
ere, that shackled ever was, triumphantly  
seems free.  
it is past—strange, innocent *Millenium* of a  
week :

Next morn their usual pasture dull the sober  
herd will seek ;  
And I, that raise my midnight dirge, can scarcely  
longer trace  
Already aught of those lost hours, that ran so  
joyous race ;  
As Rome, beneath me, like some mammoth ske-  
leton of old,  
Sleeps silent in the moon-beams, ribb'd with co-  
lumns wan and cold.  
Where late they lay, of impulse bright the myriad  
handmaid throng,  
As swept that fair array the streets red-tapestried  
along,  
Sweet hecatombs of flowers, that were, with un-  
seen power alone,  
And tiny fragrant voices, cry from every perfum'd  
stone,  
Bidding the night-breeze fan me, as with scent of  
gardens near,  
Whilst in the sleeping street I wake chill Echo  
from her bier :  
Ye early gather'd innocents, fresh, gladsome, earth-  
born flowers,

Your fate was good, as late ye died, to wreathe  
those glorious hours.  
As ceas'd the twinkling fires of the *Moccaletti*  
quaint,  
So now my song must find an end, with accents  
weak and faint.

---

## NOTES.

*Page 62, line 7.*

The chief amusement of the Carnival consists in throwing flowers at the beautiful women in the carriages and balconies, and exchanging *bouquets* and *confetti*. The profusion of flowers on these occasions is incredible.

*Page 63, line 1.*

These *festini* are the masked balls at the Theatres and Opera-houses, which take place every night of the Carnival. Some of them begin at midnight. By the "shrill accost" is meant the peculiar, disguised, and *alto* tone, which the Italians adopt with much facility.

*Page 63, line 10.*

Immediately after the *abandon* and intoxication of the Carnival comes the Quaresima, *digiúna di quaranta giorni*, during which no public amusements are allowed. It is dreaded equally by the gay inhabitant and the gayer stranger, and is the reign and triumph of priestly mummery, ending with the *Hoku Week*.

*Page 64, line 7.*

The age of the olive-tree is literally unknown. I tended to shew an olive near Tivoli, which was dear to. Certainly these trees have the appearance of extreme. The fantastic, gnarled, and distorted trunks of an olive have a very peculiar effect, particularly when seen silvered by the clear moonshine. Nothing can be wilder more *bizarre* and grotesque than the shapes this tree assumes.

*Page 66, line 8.*

The flowers which have been trodden under foot by the *Corso*, leave at night, even after their remains are away, a faint and pleasing odour in the streets;—a scent of green fields, which lasts for more than an hour after all is over.

*Page 67, line 3.*

The custom of the *Moccaletti* is curious enough. I attended the funeral of the Carnival. Each person, at dusk, on the day, whether in carriage, balcony, or on foot, lights more little wax tapers, which there is an universal struggle to extinguish on the part of others with handkerchiefs, & cries of "*Senza Moccalo!*" This childish amusement amongst this frivolous people, I must do them the justice to say, though it is quite a romp, never proceeds to much. It presents a magnificent *coup d'œil*, as one gazes down the *Corso*; perhaps three quarters of a mile long. It is a tumult of waving, glancing lights, brilliant as diamonds, seen by the richly-costumed crowd "*lege solutis.*"

All the balconies are hung with scarlet draperies,

to the splendour of the scene. On one occasion, some years past, when the Carnival, from motives of political apprehension, was forbidden, the *Moccaletti* alone were allowed. This caused a serious tumult, the people crying that they would not be mocked with the funeral of a Carnival that had never been born.



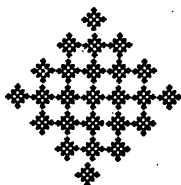


## OH! BEAM ON ME STILL, BLUE EYES

**O**H ! beam on me still, blue eyes !  
With your magical emotion,  
Thrilling as deep summer skies  
By night upon the ocean ;  
When the boat glides through the waves,  
And the moon floats through the air ;  
And the heart, in silence, raves  
Of things alas ! too fair,  
We may dream of, never see,  
The soul's fragile Alchemy !

I hop'd ne'er to love again,  
Since wild passion scarr'd my breast,  
Yet to love Thee, such dear pain,  
A thought so sadly blest,  
When the stars in heaven are met  
To entwine warm hearts below,

And the winds their harps have set  
To sweet chords soft and low,  
I a martyr still would be,  
Thus to dream and think of thee !





## MADAME ROLAND.

### I.

**T**HE form of one I saw with queenly face,  
Though chasten'd show'd the joys of her  
young life,  
From out the gloom of tiger hate and strife,  
Stand like white-sculptur'd Image of soft grace.

### II.

Erect — with clasp'd hands, and a mild, proud  
gaze,  
That sought no eye, but seem'd alike on all  
With orbèd, grand reproof serene to fall—  
Alas! *their* eyes were blind with crimson haze.

## III.

Her tresses dusky braids, that else were drooping,  
Fann'd by the breathings of the evening gale,  
Now float, now press upon her cheek so pale,  
Like Libyan Night o'er marbled Isis stooping.

## IV.

Her look's rare lustre fix'd on nought below  
Beams as of Saint in hope of Heaven nigh,  
Bidding the setting sun farewell, with eye  
That seems, till all is dark, more bright to grow.

## V.

How melancholy calm! say, is she not  
Some Spirit, who hath left her glad career,  
Nigh Heaven's gate, to mourn a moment here  
O'er frenzied man, and Nature's laws forgot?

## VI.

Or gentle mild-eyed Ghost of one late slain,  
Which tarries for another lov'd on earth;  
Whose light shall soon be quench'd mid fiendish  
mirth  
And yell, and eyebrows wreath'd like those of Cain?

## VII.

She is not yet of Heaven ;—but wean'd from aught  
Of Earth, with strain'd eye and clos'd lips she  
stands

Cassandra-like—nor heeds the blood-stain'd hands  
Bristling around her, as she saw them not.

## VIII.

Mid howls discordant greets her but a strain,  
Such as the fever'd Novice perchance hears,  
Bidding adieu a world of rage and tears,  
A world that lov'd her not, withouten pain.

## IX.

To whom it seems in finest fantasy,  
When peals the Anthem loud at dead of night  
Along the fretted roof in bursts of light,  
And dazzling pageants cheat her failing sight,  
As Heaven's own tenor swell'd the symphony.

## X.

E'en so she looks, as glorious might awake  
The pure soul of some youthful, martyr'd wife,  
On the last day, whose earthly love and life  
Were gladly given all for Christ's dear sake.

## XI.

What thoughts are crowding 'neath yon placid brow,  
Twere strange to tell, a nation's destiny—  
A people's curse ;—her husband's death-set eye,  
Or pardon for the workers of her woe.

## XII.

None may discover as, O queenly one !  
Bright stand'st thou forth, like statue of old Greece,  
Inutterably calm, a sacrifice  
Amidst fierce orgies of the blood-stain'd Hun.

---

## NOTE.

*Page 74, stanza 9.*

“ And let the base of Heaven's deep organ blow,  
And, with your ninefold harmony,  
Make up full concert to the Angelick symphony.”  
(MILTON.)



## A MEMORY.

### I.

A SPOT in the oft seen train to be remembered  
Of Summer fancies crowding o'er  
Life's sunset calm, where breath'd  
The Moon-light tinted Primrose first, and aye fled  
Last—Where the Ivy and wild flower  
Were ever quaintliest wreath'd.

### II.

Near it a little and most quiet stream, that stealing  
Its silver Mirror out, long lent  
To dark inwoven shade,  
Seem'd likest to the liquid glance of purest feeling  
From the dark eye-lash thrilling sent  
Of some fair, pensive Maid.

## III.

so oft it suited well to woo in days gone by,  
a trusting heart the shapes so fair  
dimming Fancy drawn,  
sudden waking to life's stern reality,  
ting from dreams of empty air,  
could not choose but mourn.





## NIGHT.

### I.

**D**ARKNESS her wizard pall hath thr  
O'er the dreamy face of earth,  
Nought visible, are heard alone  
Mingled sounds of woe and mirth.

### II.

Now trackless voices swelling clear  
On the night-wind's flagging breath,  
To a sick man's feverish ear  
Syllable the name of Death !

### III.

Now a tipsy strain rude splitting  
Midnight's raven-feather'd vest,  
Startles genius lonely sitting,  
From fond dreams by fancy drest.

## IV.

'Tis the hour when Horror dismal  
O'er the mind's perspective pale  
Casts his dark-wrought mantle, as fall  
Evening mists on distant vale.

## V.

And like weeds noisome, rank and green,  
Foster'd by the charnel air  
Spring up the tall forms, strong and lean,  
Of Grief, Madness, and Despair !





## L I F E.

**L** I F E is a broken light upon the waters,  
By the Sun rolling onward trackless shed;  
Whereon are often seen three smiling daughters  
Of Time still sleepless on his wizard bed,  
Sailing impearl'd in shell of Nautilus bred,  
With thousand sprinkled dyes and golden graces,  
Needing no plummet care or weight of lead  
To ballast their frail ship. Of their sweet faces,  
One hath a pensive gaze, her swimming eye  
Turn'd fondly backward; but the other twain  
Gaze upward, ever radiant, to the sky,  
And so send back its glorious beams again:  
They are Faith, Hope, and Memory. The sea,  
Where that light wanders, is—Eternity!



**T**HE Author is aware that the following Poem requires some apology. First, for its irregularity. For this, he has no excuse to offer, save that it was written in a most accidental manner ; and he thinks many will agree with him, that, to a short Poem of a descriptive nature, a change of metre gives now and then a kind of Dramatical complexion, which rivets the attention more strongly, than if it went slumbering on in the same old fashioned stanza to the end. This does not apply to the higher style of serious, Epic composition ; unless, as in the case of “ Queen Mab,” the Poet strike out at once, into an unshackled flight of verse, modulated only by the natural music of his ear.

But there is a second more important criticism, which the Author is anxious to disarm, viz. the charge of attacking the Rich too violently, in advocating the cause of the poor. Now, the

Poet, in adopting a moral view of anything, is allowed to paint his picture in stronger colours than the Essayist. He strikes the balance in his mind between the two sides, and, adopting one, takes, it is true, a one-sided view in the cause he advocates. Far be it from the Author to assert that there are no good persons amid the Rich and Powerful; or, to hold that virtue abounds much more frequently among the poor and helpless. Human nature is in both ranks the same. But, as to the question of sympathy, it naturally happens that the poor man has a greater opportunity of weighing the sufferings of the poor:—having felt the wound, he can relieve it. The rich man is as frequently the victim of ignorance, as of a bad heart. He does not feel, and frequently does not see misery. Should certain persons maintain that this Poem was written with a jaundiced eye, and a pen dipped in gall, they are reminded, in support of its severity, of the awful and sweeping aphorism of the Son of God himself—

“It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a Needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God.”

Explain this passage as ye may, ye critics of words, and expert in Oriental imagery; it is still,

and ever will be a sentence to affect the minds of the wealthy with thought and fear. A host of smooth-tongued, tender-hearted commentators cannot expunge it from the doctrinal annals of Christianity—*manet!*

With regard to the description of fashionable life, the Author abides by it. He collects all the bad features together, it is true, but they are individually correct. He does not think he has given a worse picture of human (fashionable) Nature, than has been given, unintentionally, by certain late novel writers, in their attempt to depict Society as it exists.

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## THE GIRL AND THE WEAVER.

~~~~~  
"O! the poor  
Are the poor's almoners; else would die crowds  
That none know how they live—how life in them  
Still feebly lurks from morn to ghastly eve,  
From eve to haggard morn."

(CRÆSUS.) Act v. Scene vi.

~~~~~

### I.

**I**N London street, the myriad feet  
Have patter'd away to rest,  
But the hours small on the dull ears fall  
Of many by home unblest;  
That have no home, or bread, or hearth, or bed  
to sleep,  
But hands to beg, and hearts to bleed, and eyes  
to weep.

### II.

The houseless child, with eye once mild,  
But glaring with hunger now,

With her thin hands crost o'er her bosom's frost,  
Doth her head uncover'd bow ;  
The clouds rack past above, and strong men hurry  
by, [awry.  
The winds her weak side smite, bending her form

III.

The clouds fly past, and strangers fast  
Hurry on, one, two, or three,  
From wassail long, and their favourite song,  
They repeat with maudlin glee :  
With song and oath, and tale obscene they've  
briskly past,  
And each to lay his head will gain a home at last.

IV.

But the child's still there, with little head bare,  
Unnotic'd she must be,  
And to Heaven she cries, with accusing eyes,  
“ Is there nought to think of me ? ”  
The clouds swim heavy on, nought answers her  
sad cry,  
And sharp winds pierce her still, bending her shape  
awry.

## V.

The form uncouth, o'erwork'd in youth,  
Of the weaver shuffles along,  
And he looks askance with frighten'd glance,  
(For poverty is wrong !)  
Now thrice by lawful threat arous'd and trun-  
cheon's point,  
Mechanical he hath mov'd on with aching joint.

## VI.

Near old Saint Paul's smoke-chequer'd walls  
His doorway he hath forsook,  
And he tries to sleep, where beggars creep,  
In the bridge's sky-roof'd nook ;  
And soon confus'd he dreams of plashing waters  
nigh,  
That drowsy, field-like wave, and tempt him there  
to lie.

## VII.

Yet his cold eyes upon the skies  
Soon open achingly,  
And he thinks that morn how a coffin was borne,  
With a crowd of mourners by ;

He had seem'd as though he saw it not when it  
did pass,  
But now each several face is plain as in a glass.

VIII.

“ The senseless clay that's buried this day,  
In the churchyard full to lie,”  
He bitterly cries, “ there were some to prize,  
The coffin had friends, but I  
Do living breathe the air that comes alike to all,  
But none may mark my plaint, or heed my famish'd  
call.

IX.

“ Cannot my breath, that tells of Death,  
Of misery and want,  
Now steal within, or fierce burst in  
The rich man's gorgeous haunt—  
Disturb his rest with dreams unblest,  
And drag him out to aid  
The life so dear, or even cheer  
The sorrow, that is made  
By want of that of which he has too much?—Ah me!  
Ah me! that such a thing might, and yet cannot be.

## X.

“ But wintry cold are the men of gold,  
With their smiles that mean a frown ;  
They love not to weep, ere they fall asleep,  
Iron hearts in a bed of down :  
For tame, fictitious grief their muscles work alone  
Their atmosphere repels or vulgar sigh, or groan.

## XI.

Thus far he said, with lips so dead  
And ghastly, you would swear,  
If you thought of the tale that makes children pale  
A gibbering Ghoul were there :  
Alas ! such tales are true in these our days of pride  
Go, ask the fetid pauper, or grim hag, the Poor  
law Bride.

## XII.

But yon spectre face is of England's race,  
Yon bony hand her pride,  
Yon tottering form, that bends to the storm,  
With sinews over-tried,  
Is one of the soil ! Christ ! my blood doth boil,  
How it goes with him to see,

When I think of the few, of the peach-fed crew,  
In devilish luxury,  
That have no link with fellow man, or Heaven  
    above,  
Bound in the sordid circle of their heartless, mean  
    self-love.

## XIII.

Thus far he said—then his moist, hard bed,  
    With a weak, consumptive sigh,  
He left slow and ill to the shadows still  
    Of the wet clouds fleeting by.  
Like a thing of night, disturb'd by the light,  
As the pallid morn steals on  
With ashen glare, he knows not where,  
    His footsteps one by one  
He drags with dizzy faintness, perhaps thinking  
    how again  
All will be selfish turmoil soon, and the busy hum  
    of men.

## XIV.

For he'd rather lie, with no human eye  
    To stray o'er his shrinking frame

With aversion's stare, or compassion bare—  
Not its soul, but the giftless name;—  
Passing like the Levite with a melancholy smile,  
A solemn sneer at Heaven—fastening his pouch  
the while.

## XV.

But why doth he stand, clasp'd each shrivell'd hand  
In its bony brother so tight,  
That the yellow skin, o'er his knuckles thin,  
Grows like twisted whipcord white?  
And mark ye a tear, 'tis the last one there,  
(He had no tear left, I thought)  
From his hollow eye drops heavily,  
As painfully he sought  
To kneel beside a something crouch'd that he sees  
there, [hair.  
A heap of dank, wet clothes, and pale, dishevell'd

## XVI.

He hath turn'd her round from the miry ground,  
That her bloodless lips soft prest,  
With a gentle touch, though he shudder'd much,  
He strives hard to break her rest :

Then he sudden drags from his folded rags  
A morsel of mildew'd bread,  
And soaks it in rain, and soon again  
He supports her bending head,  
And then unclasps her glistening teeth, the Or-  
phan's dower  
Of pearls :—alas ! he thought thee bruise'd, not  
cut, pale flower !

## XVII.

But his work is vain, no more with pain  
That shadows her infant brow,  
Doth she dream of food, or the Angels good,  
That minister to her now.  
No more shall ache that breast,  
Still throbbing for sweet rest,  
That knew no thoughtless glee, since she was born ;  
And yet to see how thin  
And sharp her upturn'd chin,  
Her eyes with glassy stare  
So coldly shining there  
In the drowsy, comfortless, pale Morn—  
Adown her scanty dress  
Each ragged auburn tress,

Never parted by a Mother's lingering hand,  
Whose golden threads confin'd by modest band  
Father, or grandsire, with affection ne'er  
Blest, as she prattled her infantine prayer—  
The silk of her transparent cheek,  
To which the winds of Heaven might speak  
A softer message, did they not  
Rend the frail thing that is forgot—

\* \* \* \*

## XVIII.

O, a nobler gift than the rich man's shrift  
Is that poor soul's tender care,  
As he clasps the pale shell where no more do  
dwell  
The spirit that trembled there.  
See, he chafes her cold feet, and from street  
street  
In his gaunt arms he doth her bear,  
And each charnel eye gleams fearfully,  
Twin torches of wild Despair;  
Whilst her dreamy face with its soft, dumb gra  
Mid masses of tangled hair,  
Doth sway to and fro, as the light winds blow

The green forest's children fair.  
 Doth he think her heart beats still ? Hark ! hark !  
 it is the bound  
 Of the far off dancer, sweeping by in the breeze  
 with fitful sound.

XIX.

In a dazzling hall they are gather'd all,  
 'Twas the last merry dance to be ;  
 Many said they had ne'er known a scene so fair,  
 When the clock told the hour of three ;  
 And their eyes flash'd bright, for the dull Morn's  
 light,  
 With cold breath, had not come there,  
 With her pallid streak on the languid cheek,  
 And fingers in uncurl'd hair—  
 And there were whispers mid the dances,  
 And soft, diluted smiles and glances,  
 With sphinx-like riddles of the face,  
 Where no emotion leaves a trace ;  
 And looks of adoration seen,—  
 Truer than those in Church, I ween,  
 The throne of Heaven to mock ere long,  
 That blind and selfish herd among ;—

And jewels rare with flowers blent,  
 And something said with nothing meant,  
 And silks and satins softness lent  
 To stony bosoms cold and vile,  
 With dull pretension, languid wile,  
 The thought suppress'd, the treacherous smile,  
 And all the din of creatures vain,  
 Whose grief is nought, whose joy is pain.

## XX.

Indeed 'twould angels down entice  
 Such wreathèd smiles and heads to view;—  
 Society's bright Paradise;—  
 Bald men and agèd women too,  
 To grave-clothes and the playful worm  
 Perchance a trifle overdue—  
 How gracefully they spend the term!  
 All smiling without thought of Death—  
 They've deck'd the monster o'er with flowers,  
 (You'll find him only in their breath)  
 They've powder'd Time and roug'd the Hours!

## XXI.

And there were young hearts beating there,  
 Whose bosoms were their sepulchre,

So tightly lac'd and crost in love—  
Each vulture Mother with her dove,  
A trembling, peaking sacrifice  
To *roués* rich in gold and vice;  
And yet the school'd, accomplish'd things  
Smil'd sweetly o'er their heart's despair,  
So clipt and scorch'd their natural wings  
They gasp'd quite lively in the air,  
Where legal Prostitution found  
Her priestesses enthron'd around,  
Maternal Vampires sitting there,  
With hideous, wrinkled bosoms bare,  
Jewell'd and feather'd in decay,  
Grim models of old painted clay.

## XXII.

And there were Stars and Ribands worn  
By greasy heirs to ancient race,  
Dull, moral lepers ;—helpless born  
Nature's true butlers out of place :  
And there were scrubs and footmen to these butlers,  
Toady on toady, in obscene array,  
Effeminacy's minions, pimps and sutlers,  
Round Fashion's standard : o'er the mind's decay.

And well-bred, soulless, young, Apollo faces,  
Still with his chisell'd lip and wreathèd sneer,  
Mistaking ever for the frolic Graces  
The tawdry Thyads round slain Reason's bier

## XXIII.

Then there were Spinsters trying to be clever  
And witty ;—but in malice ever ending ;  
Like busy witches some rich Author ever  
Buoy'd with false hopes of letter'd glory sending  
With poets metaphysical and bilious,  
Whose wintry smile the loving sempstress pains  
And brewer's earl-wed daughters supercilious,  
Like Venus, froth-sprung : from a sea of grains.

## XXIV.

And there were cant religionists a few,  
Who ne'er themselves would sin in any way  
shun,  
Seeking their soul's bill ever to renew  
By promises of others' deep damnation :  
And inward Atheists ; who God adore,  
Secure in lightning rods, beneath the steeple,  
Because that sort of thing is right before

One's servants and the common sort of people.  
 Others, with fusion like of mind and look,  
 Who ne'er, in thought, did their own being start  
 from,  
 Yet own'd the Bible was a dear, good book,  
 Like evening neckcloth white, unsafe to part from.

\* \* \* \*

XXV.

And some that long'd to be at rest,  
 Shut from the glare of that false scene,  
 To tear the dagger from the breast,  
 That pérchance held there close had been  
 With fearful pang, to give them power  
 To fritter yet another hour,  
 To scatter still the mocking jest,  
 And utter flattering falsehood mean—  
 Poor actors of a rôle unblest !  
 At length, at home, ye will, unseen,  
 The steel pluck'd out, in fierce despair,  
 Groan forth the false life ye play'd there.

XXVI.

The dance moves on : the glittering crowd  
 Still raise their senseless Babel loud ;

Lisp, murmur, drawl ; in dizzy sound,  
 With foreign jargon heard around.  
 The dance moves on : the music's strain  
 Hath reach'd its highest mirth,—or pain :  
 For stringèd things a kind of woe  
 Speak in their wild and quivering throe,  
 Ay! and much more so when the bar  
 Vibrates in ears that are at jar  
 With Nature, harmony, and gladness ;  
 The chords have then a sort of madness  
 Of sound in them to make you weep,  
 That else should lull the soul to sleep,  
 Or bid your frame, arous'd, rejoice  
 With the sweet magic of their voice.

## XXVII.

On sweeps the dance ! and all appear  
 To frolick in that lightsome measure,  
 Save the sad eyes, bedimm'd with care,  
 Of Two, long blind to mirth and pleasure ;  
 The youngest and the oldest They,  
 Amid the hir'd musicians' crew :  
 One seem'd his part no more to play ;—  
 The old man still to time was true,  
 With practis'd hand, for many a year,

His arm had wanton'd to his ear ;  
But never cast he one fresh look  
From off the pages of his book,  
Mere executioner of sound  
He had no heart to look around ;  
And, as he held his violin,  
'Twas like a Mother with her child,  
Deaf to the street's fierce passing din,  
And all, save her own widow'd sigh,  
Crooning, upon a door-step, wild,  
Some low and fitful melody.  
He was not dull :—beneath his brow  
Lay worlds of thought, a world of woe  
Chamber'd, as in a Pyramid :  
He was a poor Musician, bid  
To tune sweet follies for his bread ;  
But, as a man, he sat above  
That gaping crowd, as o'er the dead  
Minos might bend his awful head,  
In shadow'd semblance of high Jove.  
The youth, indeed, was lost in sleep,  
Snatching a kind of minim rest,  
His fair hair shower'd on his breast,  
For that his eyes had other duty,—

A Mother's scarce-green grave to weep,  
 A Sister barter'd for her beauty,  
 A home polluted by the tread  
 Of broad-fac'd, leering sons of clay,  
 (The Bailiffs he had seen that day  
 Round his sick Father's pallet bed :)  
 And other vulgar cares that pain  
 The vulgar heart and common brain.

## XXVIII.

On went the dance in mazy round,  
 With glancing feet and hearts that bound,  
 On went the dance—when sudden pass'd  
 O'er all the throng a wild commotion,  
 As sweeps a scowling, darksome blast  
 O'er the bright, treacherous face of Ocean,  
 When all his Naiad, sparkling faces,  
 And laughing Tritons lose their graces  
 In sullen frown and frighten'd glance  
 Unholy :—see ! see ! how the dance  
 Hath stopp'd, and all is gloom,  
 A silence like the Tomb ;  
 As if a bony hand had wav'd  
 Aloft in air :

For one aloud hath rav'd  
In wild despair—  
“What ho! so merry here,  
When Death is grinning near?—  
Another dance prepare!  
Starvation's clattering round—  
Her castanets, come, sound!  
See, here, your sister pale,  
Her cold corse, come, unveil!  
And deck her out to dance with you!  
Did ye not *feel* her perish  
So near for very want?  
Than you she was more fair,  
Her beauty was more rare,  
A brighter thing to cherish!”  
Hark! to his raging taunt!  
Then to the child he pointed,  
With fingers stiff, that seem'd unjointed,  
So rigid and so blue!  
And laid her all along  
Amid the coward crew,  
That shrinks back in affright—  
Alas! how *very* wrong  
To startle that gay throng;

With such a shocking sight  
 To mock their proud delight.  
 “Aha! ye did not spy it,  
 Ye saw it not, nor felt—  
 Why, then, thus shrink and fly it?  
 If ye have hearts to melt—”

## XXIX.

Alas! and did he dare,  
 Mid dames so proud and fair  
 And fortune-nurs'd, to bring her,  
 Blotted with mud and rain,  
 And the polluting stain  
 Of Want's black, icy finger?—  
 To push his way so bold,  
 Mid jewels rare and gold,  
 And tissued dresses bright,  
 In wretchedness so stark,  
 That homeless curs would bark  
 Dismay'd at his dim plight—  
 O man! why didst thou enter  
 That gay abode of folly?  
 The widow'd streets had lent her  
 More tearful melancholy—

The very stones had made  
Their small sepulchral plaint,  
Where her sad corpse was laid  
In pitying Echoes faint.  
O man! desert the altar  
To Fashion's worship given,  
And let thy hoarse throat falter  
Its tale, alone, to Heaven!  
Doth not the rich man's church deny  
Its seal unto thy prayers:  
'Tis better pray beneath the sky,  
Than kneel on Fashion's stairs.

## xxx.

There was much cloaking and dismay,  
Whispers, and servants hurrying,  
Each thought another p'rhaps might stay  
And learn about this dreadful thing—  
What could it mean, how let them in?  
(Their hostess fainted quite away)  
How strange a dead child there to bring!  
Why did they all such poor-rates pay,  
If sights like these the nerves unstring?—  
Meanwhile the crowd gets wondrous thin.

## XXXI.

And high-born Beauty hurries to its carriage,  
 Draws up the window, and half-hidden there,  
 Sits like a soulless Nymph deck'd out for marriage

With glistening treasure, brightly, coldly fair—  
 Seen 'neath the mirror'd depths of crystal stream  
 Whose showery drops of di'monds flash an  
 gleam,

Patrician Undine of some palace square !  
 Weaving thin gauzy follies in her brain  
 Of charity-bazaars, or ball, or fair,  
 And all sweet measures to relieve sad pain :  
 The powder'd Jehu swears : the horses quick  
 Dash from the flambeau'd space, whereon they  
 stood,

And fancy-needlework, no more, doth prick  
 Her satin conscience into pattern good.

\* \* \* \*

## XXXII.

The room is clear—but few are near,  
 The chill Morn like a Ghost steals round,  
 But Three of all, in that bright hall,  
 Nigh a pale, childish corpse are found—

An old man grey, beside whom lay  
A broken viol on the ground ;  
A fair-hair'd youth, whose eye of ruth  
Wept newer sorrow than his own ;  
And one gaunt form, whose voice of storm  
Had sunk into the hush'd wind's moan :  
Their bread to get they had ; but yet  
Their could not leave her, there, alone.  
Around her head sweet roses shed  
Their faded hues and dying breath,  
From out a store upon the floor  
Dropp'd by that troop at sight of Death—  
[It was a fancy of the boy,  
The young with sorrow often toy)  
Oh ! ever thus I've seen, though strange, beneath  
    this glorious sky,  
The poor the poor alone to tend, the sordid rich  
    sweep by !

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NOTE.

*Page 96, line 4.*

Thyad—a Greek word for Bacchante.



VERSES WRITTEN IN A LETTER FROM  
ROME TO TIVOLI.

THE following lines, which require some explanation, were written, two or three years ago, from Rome, to a friend staying at Tivoli. The subject of them is as follows:—A wealthy foreigner, as his friend had written to the Author a few days before, was attracted by the charms of a beautiful, fair-haired peasant-girl at Tivoli, a mere child, the daughter of a Tivolese woman by a Swiss Colonel, who had once resided in the neighbourhood. This poor girl, the choicest wild-flower of the village, the wealthy traveller (who, by the bye, could not speak a word of Italian, but, alas! shining gold is never dumb!) was on the point of literally purchasing from her sordid parent—*pretio-tanti*, as the Latin grammar says. It is true that a large dower of *Scudi* might have

secured her ultimate marriage with some ready made and bought *cornuto*, as had doubtless been the case with her Mother; one of those hard-featured women, who, with considerable remains of beauty, was still ill-favoured; a face grand, but bad; seared, and *volcanic*: and about whose early youth some strange tales were told. Well do I remember, one evening, when supping with my friend at the house, where *petits-soupers* were attainable by the initiated, that might have tickled the palate of Lucullus, when, tired of the profusion of the halls of Apollo and all the Gods, he sought an exciting simplicity, that my friend considerably mitigated the ferocity of an appetite occasioned by a serious twelve-mile donkey-ride to *San Gregorio*, through the pure air of the Sabine hills, by observing, as the Signora placed the savoury mess before us, "I could well imagine that woman at a small, roadside, half deserted Inn, holding, with all the grim indifference of her *Colchian* face, a white basin, to catch the blood of some unfortunate traveller, whose throat was being cut."

To save him from the charge of violating hospitality by this very unpleasant remark upon our hostess, I may observe, that we were not private

guests, our amiable entertainer being proprietress of a small *Albergo* just outside the gates of the Town: a resort well known to the wandering artist, and vagabondizing German Student. I do not know whether the two daughters, one, a stately Roman-looking girl, the softened image of her Mother, the other, the fair-haired subject of my lines, or the excellent wine of the establishment possessed the greatest attraction for the Public at large. But let me not create a chapter of dull prose, rather than a few explanatory lines.

I will but add that the affair of the bargain was so distasteful to the feelings of my friend, who had accidentally become acquainted with it, through the tattling of a kind of spunging, denationalized, vagabond, half-cicerone, Count of the holy Roman Empire, who had acted as go-between and Interpreter, that in a letter to me, apologizing for not joining me sooner at Rome, he said—"I will stop a few days longer, if it is only to interrupt that rascally business. If you will join with me, a few dollars will send the girl to be educated in a convent, after hinting the affair to the Priests." Does some fair and indignant reader demand the fate of the peasant-girl?—I am happy to say she was saved.



## VERSES, ETC.

**O** *ROBERT*, wherefore dost thou dream  
Afar by Anio's tameless stream,  
That rushing from blue, Sabine hill,  
Mocketh the boatman's sinewy skill?  
Say, if through yon fantastic grove  
In love's sweet fever thou dost rove,  
And on some Olive's antique frame  
Carvest thy *Lalage's* bright name?  
Or, circled round by maidens fair,  
Is the red wine-press still thy care?  
Like Bacchus old with Thyad group;  
Silenus! such was erst thy troop!  
Or dost at eve on charger ride,  
Careering on the mountain's side,  
Like English Herne, or spectral wight  
Mid the black Hartz pines seen by night?

Or seekest thou the lowly cot  
 Of her by gallant Swiss begot,  
 By venal Mother bad and bold  
 Sold to rude arms for shameful gold?  
 Ah! sad would ache the scarrèd brow  
 Of her proud sire, if he knew now  
 That Raphaël face must lose its bloom  
 Of innocence, by such a doom—  
 His iron-grey cheek would redden soon,  
 More than with flush of battle won;  
 A hue more bright than wrath e'er gave  
 Would circle round each eye's deep cave;  
 Such as the wine-cup never lent  
 In wildest Orgies of the tent.

Seducer! think, that timid cry  
 To Heaven's judgment-seat will fly:  
 How thou wilt curse thy hated gold,  
 When those pale lips their tale have told;  
 Ere yet she seeks more blest retreat  
 Than here it was her lot to meet;  
 Her purity restor'd, her brow  
 The fair seat, where a Star doth glow!  
 Down, hollow-shrieking, thou art fled  
 Where Night her sullen flag hath spread;

A prey to Vampires and affright,  
Remorseful, without hope or light.

But let us pause—with other lot  
Still would we deck that humble cot,  
With bridal wreaths would *Lalla* crown,  
The envy of the festive town ;  
And give her to a mate more true  
Than him with eye so cold and blue,  
Who, for love's gift of heavenly mould,  
Would barter nought but hell-born gold.

Then Mountain pipes and Mandoline  
Shall summon far the dancers keen,  
And quick in circling round begin  
The *Salterella's* ceaseless spin,  
Whilst the bronz'd sons of that fam'd earth  
Flash their dark eyes in sun-lit mirth,  
And gaily-kerchieft maidens chat,  
And furtive praise now this one, that,  
As each rude swain with ribands smart  
Performs his quaint, untutor'd part.  
The festive group in colour fine  
Hangs picturesque on day's decline.

The wandering artist from the dance,  
Breathless, approves with kindling glance,  
And wishes he had rather stay'd  
Aloof, and truthful drawing made.  
The parting Sun-beams quivering throw  
On the Bride's cheek a purpler glow,  
And fill with light her eyes demure,  
Love's proper triumph chaste and pure :  
See, as she leads in pride the train,  
No look or toss of proud disdain,  
No haughty glance so oft assum'd  
By hearts with inward shame consum'd,  
Abash'd, yet innocent and free,  
The very soul of village glee !

Mark the small steeds of yon wild band  
Of mountain herdsmen patient stand,  
Whilst their rough masters beat the ground,  
Seeking in turn the mazy round—  
With huge, curv'd horns bent back, (the breed,  
Such as supplied the Altar's need,  
In sacrificial Rome of yore,  
Jove Stator's clanging gates before)  
Their charge of Umbrian cattle grey

Below amid yon deep glades stray—  
Whence pricking out you think to see,  
Anon, some knight arm'd cap-à-pie,  
Or ambling palfrey's burden fair,  
Of dwarf grotesque, or page, the care.  
Beneath such trees in such a scene  
La Mancha's pride might well have been,  
When greedy Sancho came a guest  
To rich Camacho's wedding feast,  
Trotting in racy converse 'neath  
The ample beeche's spreading wreath.  
In other mood a different troop  
'Neath yon Acacia's boughs we group,  
Mild, unctuous Flaccus, with a store  
Of simples prais'd—and something more—  
A freedman fat behind him place,  
With saucy slaves, a careless race,  
A friend from Town we'll give him,—wine,—  
And oh! that peace of mind divine!

— The fires of Vesta's temple sleep,  
That crowns the perforated steep;  
But the dim world of Pagan lore  
The museful soul entrances o'er:

With shiver pierce we Neptune's cave,  
 In grim recess doth Sibyl rave,  
 Sharp tossing back with gloomy ire  
 Her tresses scorch'd by eye of fire.  
 And, but for gaudy, white-wash'd cell,  
 Where folks their way-side prayers may tell,  
 Where Virgin daub'd on plaster'd wall,  
 Smiles from behind wax tapers small,  
 And but for Cross, that meek sign, fraught  
 With wondrous truths, to man since taught,  
 Enthusiastic, one might feign  
 A life mid the old Gods again,  
 Beneath the jocund sway of Pan,  
 And all the marbled dreams of man !

See there arise in memory's pride,  
 Bosom'd upon the far hill-side  
 The villa-homes of mirth and song,  
 Once fill'd by many a courtly throng ;  
 Where Time, some idle feathers shed,  
 Sits spell-bound dreaming o'er the dead :  
 Catullus ! Horace ! Patron sweet !  
 Whom their bright strains were wont to greet,  
 Mecænas ! by what wondrous doom

Those gay retreats live now your Tomb,  
More durable than kings have made,  
With sceptred glories bright inlaid.  
Amid each marble solitude  
What prying strangers now intrude—  
Breaking the lizard's noonday rest,  
With shadow seen, continual guest :  
The reptile *umbra* follows still  
Just as of old his master's will,  
There : whilst warm sunbeams pour their gold  
Away, at nipping touch of cold.  
Through Adrian's palace let us stray,  
And mark each slippery wall's decay,  
The crumbling bath, the cellar bare,  
The hueless fresco rotting there ;  
Whilst strange, exotic plants are found  
Neglected shooting from the ground ;  
Ere yet those halls of rich delight  
Were finish'd in the sun's proud light  
By their Imperial lord's command,  
From every distant conquer'd land,  
And Eastern shore, luxurious brought ;—  
O lesson strangely, simply taught !  
Nature, to them, in sport and glee,

New slender life doth still decree,  
Art's stern magnificence around  
Falls silent, tomb-like, to the ground.

Claude's ancient tower rises nigh,  
Soft melted in the sapphire sky,  
Just on the borders of the plain,  
Ere mounts the hill the labouring wain;  
Skirted by smiling vineyards, see,  
It seems to guard fair Tivoli.  
There oft a living picture glows,  
Such as with dulcet harpings rose  
Of sky-lost minstrels to thy view,  
Prometheus of the painter crew!  
That bor'st to earth, filch'd in thine eyes,  
The golden fragrance of the skies—  
Thine own that Tower thou hast made,  
No longer held by gloomy shade  
Of him, who bid the mason ply  
His vain work thus Death's might to fly.  
And what is it, if one be heir,  
Or other, to that sepulchre?  
But gaze on yon dismantled fane,  
Telling its tale of worship vain,

The very God is now forgot  
That shed strange influence round the spot !

The broken landscape grey and clear,  
Each lustrous object glittering near ;  
The purple sky, the mighty Dome  
Seen lilac-ting'd afar at Rome ;  
The waterfall's thin, silvery veil,  
Through which the mossy green looks pale ;  
The verdure near, the far-off brown,  
The sober beauties of the Town ;  
The convent white that crowns the hill,  
Each classic ruin hoar and still :  
The *Carretiere's* shrilly cry  
From wide *Campagna* reaching high ;  
The lazy Peasant's robber trim,  
His steeple hat with slouchèd brim,  
Round which wild flowers or vine-leaves fling  
An easy grace, rich-clustering ;  
The bright *spilletto's* dangerous gear,  
By am'rous lover held in fear,  
In each dark beauty's knotted hair ;  
(No mimic weapon often there)  
The moving, variegated road,

That winding leads to her abode—  
All lend a grace to that fair scene,  
The marriage of the village Queen ;  
Such be the pure, the better fate  
To which I would her consecrate ;  
And can a curst despoiler give  
Pleasures like these with him to live  
A fever'd moment, back then cast,  
A flower rifled as he pass'd ?—

Robert ! I know thou think'st with me  
Such guilty compact should not be :  
And if to save her be thy bent,  
To baulk his sinning thine intent,  
I blame thee not that thou'rt not here,  
My daily path of life to cheer,  
But rather wouldst thou still shouldst dream,  
Afar by Anio's tameless stream.

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NOTES.

*Page 108, line 2.*

This river is so rapid, that I doubt if even a coracle could live upon it ; *et præceps Anio*, sang Horace, and it still maintains its reputation. During a flood, shortly after this epis-

tle was written, the friend to whom it was addressed, in attempting to ride by night from Tivoli to Rome, was carried off a bridge by the stream, and whirled down, as in a Railway Tunnel, through the darkness, till fortunately he was thrown, horse and man, on the bank with tremendous violence, where the river made a sudden curve.

*Page 108, line 10.*

Alluding to a youthful freak of wine-making in which he indulged.

*Page 114, line 14.*

The villas of Horace, Catullus, &c. are to be seen still at Tivoli.

*Page 115, line 8.*

Alluding to the *umbra* or parasite of the Roman guest, always attendant to echo the facetiæ of his patrons, &c. The fair reader will get a sufficient description of this style of things from perusing Bulwer's admirable romance, "The last Days of Pompeii."

*Page 115, line 12.*

The Emperor Adrian brought, it is said, from Africa and other places a quantity of rare exotic plants to ornament his favourite palace. These may still be distinctly traced amid the wild vegetation creeping over and amid the ruins of this once beautiful retreat of Imperial magnificence.

*Page 116, line 4.*

At the bottom of the Olive-wooded ascent, about a mile and a half, by the winding road, from Tivoli, stands a Round Tower, the ancient burial place of the family of the Plautii. This has been painted so often by Claude in his landscapes, that it has gained the name of Claude's Tower.

*Page 116, line 22.*

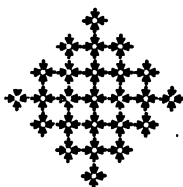
Alluding to a little Temple, about which Antiquaries are in doubt as to what God or Goddess it was consecrated. If I remember rightly, some say to the Goddess of Coughing, or some such minor deity.

*Page 117, line 13.*

*Carretiere*, Italian for waggoner.

*Page 117, line 19.*

The Spilletto is a pin of such formidable dimensions, as to resemble a dagger. It is frequently made in that shape, and is generally of silver. It is worn thrust through the knotted hair behind the head.





## HIS FIRST POEM.

### I.

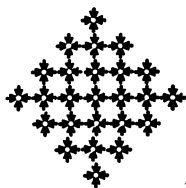
**T**ELL me, what Solace blest  
Can charm the mind, oppress  
By dead hope's wintry chill, and eke  
Each common, worldly hour,  
By all the blows so rude  
Of base ingratitude,  
And those fell drops which oft of Life  
The rosier draught will sour?

### II.

The low tones scarcely heard  
On the pensive wires stir'd  
Of humblest cittern, and the garland wild  
Of song fantastic twin'd,  
Oft free the brooding mind  
From care and sorrow for a time  
By their sweet, soothing power.

## III.

Let me then too, I said,  
Though not to wreathe this head  
I seek with dark-tress'd Laurels proud,  
When darkest seem to lour  
The clouds on life's drear shore,  
And the world jostles sore,  
Deck in bright Fancy's wilderness  
A poet's osier bower !





## CONSCIENCE.

**A**S some poor fool would strive to reach,  
Mid waves recoiling,  
Upon the ever surf-lash'd beach,  
With fruitless toiling,  
The painted sea-toy's mimic, echoing cell ;  
So oft the sad and guilty mind  
Vainly endeavours  
One hour of heart-felt joy to find,  
Whilst round it gathers  
Of reflux crimes the ceaseless, stormy hell.



## FROM THE FRENCH.

**T**HINE eyes with early tears were wet, m  
child !

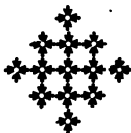
As at thy birth all gaz'd on thee and smil'd ;  
So live, that at life's close thou may'st be found  
Saintly to smile on those that weep around.



CATULLI CARMEN V.  
AD LESBIAM.

WE'LL love, my Lesbia ! whilst we live,  
And laugh at those of sterner mould,  
A farthing is the price I'd give  
For all by aged babblers told.  
The sun at eve may dim his light,  
And morn his splendour still shall view,  
But when is lost-in gloomy night  
*Our* Lamp, 'tis never lit anew :  
Give me a thousand kisses then,  
A hundred add unto the store,  
Another thousand, and again  
A hundred and a thousand more—  
And yet a hundred ! and since thus  
So many we've together tied,  
I prithee, let's the sum confuse

And try e'en from ourselves to hide :  
So may no wretch the power possess  
To look with envy on our heaven,  
As needs he must, who could but guess  
The number of *such* kisses given.





AUSON. EPIGR. LXXVIII.

“ Qualem velit habere amicam.”

**E**VER prattling with the will  
 To o'erleap decorum chill,  
 Fair and free with saucy fist  
 Blows to pay with interest—  
 But worsted at once changing to  
 Kisses to prevail on you—  
 Ever eager strife to brave—  
 Such a *Mistress* would I have.  
 For her manners were they pure,  
 Modest, blushing, and demure,  
 Horrid word ! that on my life  
 I scarce can write, she'd be a *wife* !



## FROM THE ITALIAN.

“ Il passato non e.”

**T**HE Past is *not* ! by memory trac'd alone—  
The Future is *not* ! by hope grac'd alone—  
The Present only *is* ! a trembling dot,  
Hears'd in its cradle ; as it is, 'tis not !  
Thus memory's dreams and hope with fancies rife,  
Are, with a trembling dot, the sum of Life !



## FROM THE SPANISH.

**F**OR one impassion'd glance from thy soft eyes,  
Those two deep wells of love, my life I'd  
give—

Secure, that in a moment I should rise,  
Warm'd by that glance from Thee, again to live!





Ἰξάλος ἐμπώγων αἰγός. κ. τ. λ.

**P**ROSILIENS capræ sponsus vineta pererrans  
 Barbiger, uvarum brachia lenta vorat,  
 Quum vox exoritur terris—"Nunc, improbe, tonde  
 Dentibus uviferum, munera nostra, genus;  
 Radices validæ suavi mox hectare fervent,  
 Quod tibi votivo sparget, amice, caput."

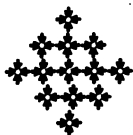




Ἡ καλὸν αἰ δάφναι. κ. τ. λ.

**P**ULCHRUM equidem ! laurus pulchrum !  
secretaque lymp̄ha

Frondosæ noctis dat simulacra sinu,  
Repens sub fibris, laté dum sylv̄a virescit,  
Quam subeunt Zephyri frigora verna vagi.  
Hic sitis atque viæ productæ et sideris æstus  
Dulce viatori, dulce levamen adest !





*ὦ πόλι, πῇ σέο κείνα. κ. τ. λ.*

URBS, ubi cernemus tua mœnia, fana beata  
 Illa, et cæsorum cornua multa boum ?  
 Matris ubi Paphiæ cœlata alabastra peplumque  
 Aureum, et indigenæ Palladis effigiem ?  
 Hæc Mars atque vices ævi cæci et grave fatum  
 Abstulit, illaqueans omnia sorte novâ—  
 Fatum sceptrâ tenax super hæc quatit—Esto, sed  
 alti  
 Nominis imperium non abolere potest.

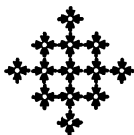




Ἀυγάζω τὸν ἄφυκτον. κ. τ. λ.

**I**NTUEOR sculptum signo insuperabile Numen:

Refraenans manibus colla leonis agit,  
 Lora regit lævâ, quassat dextrâque per armos  
 Flagra, triplex circum gratia rubra volat.  
 Inspirat subitos ridens homicida tremores,  
 Haud domitis parcit, qui domat ipse feras.





*Ἀκμᾶιος ῥοθίη νῆι δρόμος. κ. τ. λ.*

**J**AM solvenda rati salienti vincla ! nec undæ  
 Purpureæ motu stagna tremante tument,  
 Jamque rotunda struit Progne sub culmine tecta,  
 Et folia arrident, dædala, ruris honos.  
 Quare agite, O nautæ ! madidos laxate rudentes:  
 Exsiliat portus anchora tecta sinu.  
 Lintea, Thyrsgero genitus, bene nexa, Priapus,  
 Tendere, vos hortor, quos loca tuta tenent.





HN KAΘAPH. κ. τ. λ. ,

**P**URUS eram ! purum Nomen, mihi sæpe li-  
quores

Naiadum ante omnes, cœrula turba dabat,  
Margine cum quosdam recubantes prædo necabat

Atque cruenta sacris brachia mersit aquis :  
Do lympham retro pia munera nulla ministrans,  
Heu ! nunc me Purum nemo vocare potest.





# IN ANNUM INEUNTEM.

(ÆTAT. 15.)

**F**RIGIDAM metam tetigit quadrigis  
 Aureis jam Sol radians, et urgens  
 Antecedentem, venit interire  
 Perbrevis annus.

Sed nefas limen tacito est inire  
 Ore, nunc cantus fidibus recurvis  
 Redde felices, age, dic jocosum,  
 Barbite, carmen;

Quale tu, blandâ citharâ decore  
 Phœbe, curvato positus et arcu  
 Atque lethali pharetrâ, solebas  
 Dicere ludens.

Quale perfusum memorant Lyæo  
Tempora, unguentis Syriis capillos,  
Tëium vatem cecinisse festâ  
Luce madentem.

Quale gaudebas recubans sub umbrâ  
Arbuti, lucis gelidis amati  
Tiburis, lætâ meditari avenâ,  
Mitis Horati !

Lucidis uvam pateris rubentem  
Quisquis exsiccat, sapiens procellis  
Præbeat curas vigiles ad ora  
Ultima ferre.

I puer, nexas celera corollas  
Simplicis myrti, roseo Falerno  
Thracios exple calices, odores  
Sparge Sabæos.

Solve jam tigres, precor, O Iacche !  
Parthicos, divo metuende thyrsos,  
Quem juvant ludi, jocus incruentus  
Atque choreæ.

Dum focus votivo oneratus halat  
Thure, solennis (geniale munus)  
It sacer vittis redimitus albis

Agnus ad aras :

Carpite, O fidi comites, fugacis  
Gaudia ætatis, satis est dolorum  
Callidi humano generi nocivâ

Fraude Promethei.

Ille sit turbæ gracili sororum,  
Quæ tenent fontes vitreos et antra  
Uda Parnassi, celebrare lucem

Rite beatam,

Qui neget, quovis redeunte sæclo  
Semper invisus. Rabies furorque  
Cæcus a tectis procul absit, anno

Dulce recepto.

Sic tuæ semper gravidæ rubescant  
Vineæ fœtu, redolensque prela  
Messis uvarum madidis racemis

Vasta coronet.

Sic colant duplo comitis furore  
Sacra lymphati, repetita semper  
Acrius, gaudens, hederâ sequaci,  
Corniger Evan !

Mitte jam curare avidus quid atrox  
Durius jactet, Libycumve littus  
Galliæ indoctum juga ferre multo  
Sanguine fuso.

Cur tremas, si mox scelerata tellus  
Lumine infausto rubeat, cruentam  
Dum trahit tædam subito Cometes  
Crine minaci ?





## PESTIS LONDINUM DEVASTANS.

. . . “ la mortifera pestilenza !”

. . . . “ Quanti valorosi uomini, quante belle donne, quanti leggiadri giovani, li quali, nonchè altri, ma Galieno, Ippocrate, o Esculapio avrieno giudicati sanissimi, la mattina desinarono co'loro parenti, compagni ed amici, che poi la sera vegnente appresso nell' altro mondo cenarono colli loro passati !”

BOCCACCIO.

**S**OLIS inauratas Orientis luce tremente  
Vidistis tenues ramorum sæpè figuras  
E speculo reddi splendenti fontis amœni;  
Sic gracili referant sonitus cum murmure chords  
Si jucunda sequi tantum vult murmura vates.  
Ast alios cantus, quales, velut ora tenebris

Vasta tegit ponti nubis pendentis imago,  
 Tristitiæ donat decori mens atra severæ,  
 Poscimus. O Tu ! Nympha vigil, quæ Peste sole-  
 bas

In mediâ gressus tacitos raptare per Urbem  
 Fatalem noctu, passis gemebunda capillis,  
 Disce genas iterùm suffundere, disce, tuosque  
 Da citharæ planctus imitandos ; quæ tamen ipso  
 Ex opere insolitas vires se posse fatetur  
 Ducere : non aliter si quis penetralia vasta  
 Fortè ineat gelidi monumenti, squallida ridens  
 Ossa, putrem lethi ludum cineresque relictos  
 Mente levi lepidisque jocis ; mox pectora sævus  
 Concutiet mœror pietasque decora fidesque  
 Grata ; silens manet ecce ! diu devictus acerbi  
 Relligione loci, et tenebris, mæstâque quiete.

O Turres ! pictæque domus atque ardua templa,  
 Et latebræ vulgi viles humilesque tabernæ  
 Londini—quantæque vices quantique per annos  
 Vos miserè pressère novi tragicique dolores.  
 Nec loquor ingentes casus tantùm : anxia semper  
 Truditur heu ! gens gente novâ, seu regiâ linquens  
 Limina, sive casam fugiens virtutis honore

Dotatam solo : frustrà at diuturna tropæa  
 Jactat inexpletâ latè Libitina per ædes  
 Voce ferox ; frustrà capiti mors cuique minatur  
 Æqua, silente manu ; dum vivitur, odimus hora  
 Volvere supremam, perituri, mente superbâ.

Lumine dum nuper tremulæ languente lucernæ  
 Solus et ægroto reputans hæc corde sedebam,  
 Murmura continuò Londini errare videbar  
 Vasta inter celebris luxu curisque frementis.  
 Mox capit insolitum fastum mens, atque tumultus  
 Pectoris inflati surgunt, hominumque labores  
 Artificesque manus, animos et robora laudo,  
 Ingeniumque potens, quod tantis molibus æquo  
 Occupet extractis immensum : et nunc opus ingens  
 Attonitus video—nec mens vacat ægra dolore.  
 “ Aspice quo gestu,” clamo “ ruit ebria turba  
 Atque soluta piis curis terrestria pangit :  
 Ah ! genus infelix, tua quis neget inclyta facta  
 Consiliumque sagax nullo et mutabile sæclo :  
 Vera Prometheæ reperisti incendia flammæ,  
 Vera sacerdotes at rarò vivida virtus  
 Agmina per cupida agnoscit : cave, nequis in  
 quus

Nunc dolor adveniat, fatisque minacibus hora.

“Nonne Deus prudens, permagna Urbs, concutit  
arma

Te super, iratus, vitiosam sæpè ? tuisque  
Inspirat subitos natis per lauta tremores  
Tecta rubente manu ? sceleris mendacia certis  
Indiciis rumpens aliquando insomnia vindex ;  
Vox velut Arabicis quondam reboâsse per altum  
Æthera fabellis fertur, tristi omine terrens  
Fraudibus assuetos cives magicoque potentes  
Carmine—jamque ipsi propriæ ludibria fiunt  
Artis inhumanæ, dum membra rigentia sensim  
Albescunt, et fixa manent horrore, brevique  
Frigida sudorem nutantia marmora mittunt ;  
Tum neque motus adest ullus, nec verba, nec ignes  
Acribus ex oculis scintillant ; tortilis ore  
Impia stat gelido pallens gens undique signum.”

Hæc ego voce dolens summissâ murmura fudi,  
Quum subitò circum silet omne, atque ocyus Euro,  
Vel quàm decertare solent rubra tela diei  
Cursibus aligeris, omnis mutata figura est  
Atque alium mirè vultum induit, alta recedunt



**Visa** instare hora est, quâ nunc pleno orbe  
laborum

**Plurima** vis hominum versatur mœnia semper  
**Intrâ**, et pulvereo quâ læti turbine cives  
**Effusi** dense ruunt, diversa sequentes.

**At** rarus, res mira, sonus jam verberat aures  
**E** triviis viduis, reboat funebris imago  
**Sola** novo clangore, ut quum stridentia plaustra  
**Per** rigidas silices ducuntur nocte profundâ.  
**Atque** carens sensu, fatuo ore, perambulat urbem  
**Luctus**, uti conjux ad nota sepulchra mariti  
**It** cæsi, velutivæ parens fert ipsa perempti  
**Prolabente** gradu parvi glaciale cadaver,  
**Implexum** trepidis ulnis, ad funera nati.

**En !** sata, largifici fœtus spê, splendida culmos,  
**Folliculis** roseis halant jam spicea circum  
**Per** campos ruris vicini ; at nulla colono  
**Felici** messes inspirant credula vota ;  
**Et** videor frustrâ strepitum expectare beatum  
**Agrestis** vitæ : vox nulla silentia rumpit,  
**Humanæ** reddens linguæ convicia læta.

**Otia** Flumen habet : placidè se pandit amœnos  
**Pax** adamans Zephyros multo stellata phaselo

Per vada ; sed neque mota sinu tacito  
portus

Exsilit e vitreo ; nec laxat nauta rudent  
Æris inops, iterumque audax freta perficit  
Vincere quassatâ prorâ, ut petat inde fœdus  
Divitias, quas una dies mala dissipet omnia  
Inter amicorum plausus cyathosque novos  
Et neglecta fugit mercator munera palli  
Dum vela immunis cava ludit inaniter æthere

Pestis adest !—jam falce cadit sectum corpus  
lignâ

Ignivomi monstri, de pennis lurida rubri  
Excipientis amata illis contagia lethi  
Nocte satis, quæ dura movent mala  
orbem

Pallentem, scelerum ultrices multo angustius  
tes.

Urbi Pestis adest ! inhumata cadavera  
Nonne vides hominum cumulis projecta  
que

Desertam ? gramenque forum per segnes

Nonne vides cautas fugientes oscula matris  
Natorum vitiata lue ? caræque puellæ

Amplexus sanctos juvenem vitare, beatos  
 Tanquam illos vultus nunquam vidisset, ocellis  
 Sæpe suis avidè spectatos, lucis ab ortu  
 Ad finem, minimum talis tunc præscius horæ.

Nunc fugit—at si tela minax torqueret iniquus  
 Hostis in atrocis mediâ certaminis undâ  
 Duceret ingentes animos ab amore potente,  
 Atque gemens extrema et in ipso limine mortis,  
 Exanimis, frigans, arderet nomine caro,  
 Et rubor assuetus læto radiaret in ore—  
 Sed fugit ille pavens nunc,—Peste equitante per  
 urbem :—

Nec valet inspirare animos et nescia lethi  
 Gloria præfulgens, a cujus fontibus altis  
 Potamus cordi vires, ut gesta decora  
 Assurgant tenues hominum celebrantia vitas :  
 Sicut habere solet splendentes musca colores  
 Parva suos crebrò formoso a flore rosarum,  
 Undè amat instaurare epulas fragilemque vigorem  
 Ducere, et innocuis rores consumere labris.

Heu ! neque sentit iners humanum vincula pectus  
 Dulcis amicitiae, nec amor mente æstuat ingens  
 In lentâ patriæ—procul en ! se proripit omnis

**Turba Deum puro dotans praeordia motu.  
Nunc per tristitiae nubes tacitae atque timorem  
Inducentem animum turpi ferrugine pigrum,  
Et per funeream portentosamque quietem  
Vivitur—est alicui tempus sentire, fovere,  
Credere nil; proprioque solet trepidare periclo  
Quisque superstitione sua pulsusque dolore.**

Talia perlustrans maneo, dum mœsta caduci  
Imbre silente salis turgescunt lumina, donec  
Incubat ingenti nox urbi, et sidera fulgent  
Ordinibus tacitis, miti arridentia tectis  
Aspectu, tremulâque vagantia luce vacillant,  
Ætherææ cœli tædæ, renovantve nitores,  
Pectora regalis fluvii ima serentia flammis.

**Pulchra equidem est nox ! plectra movens horren-  
tia pulchræ**

Quis trepidante manu noctis fera fata loquetur?  
Fertur et horribili risu persæpe sepulchra  
Deservisse suas simulacra infesta latebras,  
Muta, cruenta, manu tenui rapientia prædam.  
Atque homines credunt nunc morbi funebris auras  
Semine nocturnos Manes cumulare recenti.

Cernite ! ut exsurgant loca per deserta vagantes  
 Et linquant notas sedes fœdosque recessus,  
 Tinctaque mortiferâ macilenta cubilia tabe :  
 Stat,—trepidatque novo visu, dum pectora duplum  
 Frigus init, civis per compita cautus oberrans  
 Nulla pedum volucris figens vestigia passu.

Nec vacuæ species ! hominum sed corpora nuda,  
 Quos rapidos febris rabies urgebat ubique,  
 Et requies queis nulla fuit, somnusve locusve  
 Fixus adhuc : alii strati jam morte jacebant,  
 Membra, lacertosus velut hastam quum capit im-  
                   brem

Sanguineum lentè effundens athleta, reluctans,  
 Attollensque oculos vanos languente furore.

Non hilarem video nunc civem intrare Penates  
 Et ridere, labore probò curisque solutum ;  
 Et sedem ad solitam bene notâ voce vocari,  
 Dum focus igniferos strepitu consumit honores,  
 Ora jubar rubrum spargens per cara, beatâ  
 Invidiam magnis et Dîs prope sorte ferentem.

At Timor et Rabies et rumpens vincla Pudoris  
 Omnia Flagitium sævit : deridet inanis

Plurima vox hominis moribundum sæpe profani  
 Indocilis trepidare suam sortem: heu! brevis  
                                          horæ

Momento, membra ipse gravis submittit ibidem,  
 Non sine luctatu vano, verba impia fundens,  
 Cum precibus commixta novis votoque frequenti.

Non resonant lætâ plateæ tibicinis arte,  
 Non geminat plausus tenuis facundia socci,  
 Non pede festivam gracili, sine pondere, terram  
 Pulsat, et æquali motu, nocturna chorea—  
 Sed facies urbis visa est nigrescere circum  
 Immotis oculis, et mortis ubique manere  
 Mille atræ species et cælum sanguine tingi.  
 Et penetrant aures ululatus undique longi,  
 Qualiter audivit pastor mugire remotus,  
 Ut pueri possent gemitum obscurare, canentes  
 Orgia Bassaridas in pinetis Aracynthi;  
 Et similes sonitus invitas ferre docebant  
 Argolicos quondam per campos Belides auras,  
 Cum fera nox, ipsis jam detestata, nequivit  
 Facta cruenta operire, simul rota fervida Phœbi  
 Atque dies surgens pelago disperserat umbras:  
 Sparsa per arva procul strident Cyclopia saxa,  
 Dum tremiit ipse levi pulsu herbâ mollis Hymettus.

Qua rubuit Crux picta nefas ! lacrymabile signum,  
 Jam videor multæ sublimis culmina ferri  
 Ædis ad alta, et aperta sequi per tecta rigente  
 Despiciens, arcana domus pallentia, visu.  
 Tabida liventes artus hic pene sepulta  
 Ulceribus recubant, et sordi, corpora nuda :  
 Putrescunt illic male cincta cadavera pallâ ;  
 Hæret parietibus tabum stillantibus udum.  
 Hæc inter labens paulo ante crepuscula, miscet  
 Lux dubio solis tædarum lumine visum  
 Deformem variis levibusque coloribus omnem  
 Inficiens ; atque inde triplex circumvolat horror.  
 Jamque adyta humani panduntur pectoris arte  
 Horribili, et sedes fædæ cordisque recessus  
 Declarant sese, et morbi domus ima patescit  
 Obscæni ; multo crudelis vulnere ferri  
 Per putridas venas perque ultima viscera ducti.  
 Quæ prope triste licet juvenis spectare cadaver  
 Egregiæ formæ ; cujusque et tempora monstrum  
 Pinxerat immundo leviter, sine labe nefandâ,  
 Pestiferum digito ; dum gratia lenis in ore  
 Fulget, et effuso tentat prætexere risu  
 Ferrea præteriti vestigia multa doloris.

Hanc infelicem quum jamjam presserat urbem  
 Multa dies morbi grassantis, quum velut atri  
 Arabiæ flatus infecti tabe veneni,  
 Prærapidus natis illam viduaverat æstus  
 Per longos menses, et quum tu, sede relictâ  
 Hâc, ter grata Salus, Hebes germana ! per orbem  
 Exieras, nullis precibus revocanda, medentis  
 Vi nullâ, flectenda potenti carmine nullo,  
 Ille, quasi vitæ propriæ pertæsus, acerbi  
 Exuvias inter lethi et diuturna tropæa,  
 Se patiens tradit pro civibus hostia morti,  
 Fortiter et Pestem lætis amplexier ulnis  
 Non fugit : exclamans—" mox plena sepulchra  
 carebunt

Perpetuis epulis, unius fraude beatâ,  
 Donantis vitâ sæclum gentemque salute."  
 Namque gravi affirmat corrupta cadavera peste  
 Secturum se foeda, latens sic posse venenum  
 Eruere a tenebris cæcis : quid multa ?—silente  
 Occubuit letho (lamentis parcite) gaudens  
 Victima, cui neque forte aliquis componeret almâ  
 Membra manu, tandem violentâ morte soluta,  
 Nec cujus cineres juxtâ lugeret amica  
 Turba, urnasque novas lacrymis roraret honestis.

Quid si florescens illi sine labe juvenus,  
 Atque adamata suis oculis desponsa puella  
 Pura magis ; quid si potaret gaudia sacra  
 Cuncta domus semper-faustæ mentisque tumentis  
 Nullo motu odium spirantis lugubre vitæ—  
 Omnia permutat : captivis regis iniqui  
 Urbis Agyllinæ qui præfuit arcibus olim  
 Non minus horribili fato et discrimine lethi.

I nunc divitias auri famæque secundæ  
 Confer opes : quisquis malesanus talia laudas :  
 Sed potiora illum quondam tenuisse fateri  
 Ne fugias ; potiora tenet quum præmia motus  
 Exercens virtus puros, quæ teste superbâ  
 Mente suâ solâ, miracula pessima lethi  
 Rideat, impavido cursu ignea limina tangens.  
 At Tu ! fausta anima, et seri non indiga luctus,  
 Et decoris parvi quod amat pius addere vates,  
 Sis contenta ! fuère viri, quos ordine dignos  
 Jactarent primo virtus pietasque fidesque  
 Rara, quibus semper famæ vox alta negata est :  
 Queis multa audere et taciturno pectore multa  
 Ferre per infandas clades, per acuta doloris  
 Contigit occulti, laudis sine dote feraci

Præsentis, cultus sine spê frigente futuri.  
 Et queis sola manet vitæ jam testis honestæ  
 Charta vetus, vel forte extat vaga fabula quædam,  
 Sæpe opus agricolæ popularis fertile mulcens,  
 Pastorisve melos gracili quandoque coronans  
 Tristitiæ decori, volitans quum in fronde cupressi  
 Musicus æquali Tithoni jam furor urget  
 Stellifugam sponsam, quum lucida lympha rubescit  
 Sole novo, et calamo teneros meditatur amores.

\*             \*             \*             \*

Hactenus heu ! videor tales audire dolores  
 Vincit, quum clangore sonat campana timendo—  
 Exilui !—Antiquosque domus mox lætus honores  
 Agnosco : cælo scintillat plurima stella.  
 Atque inter frondes labens furtiva tremantes  
 Luna intorquet iter per lucida vincla fenestræ ;  
 Nunc faciens dubiam noctem pleno ore coruscans,  
 Nuncque docens ignes tenebras imitariætras :  
 Et voce alternâ flabri, jam noctis abactæ  
 Curriculo medio, qui somnia ruperat, auctus  
 Fertur adhuc sonitus ; fugientis non sine fletu  
 (Sic fervens animo finxi) suspiria dantis  
 Urbis ; et exhorre accessum turbineis umbris  
 Populeis fremitu simili juvat, ad vada pigra

Sibila cum gelido questu vibrantibus, undæ  
 Vox eadem refluxæ vexans saxa, et truce fluctu  
 Non aliter mali strident piceâque procellâ.

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NOTES.

*Page 143, line 9.*

Alluding to the story in the Arabian Nights of the inhabitants of a city of magicians and idolaters being turned into stone, after receiving a warning from the skies. The *a* in *Arabicis* is made long by the authority of Propertius.

*Page 144, line 9.*

“*Virgatas domus.*”] meaning striped, as many old houses still are, with black on a white ground.

*Page 144, line 15.*

“The *fata Morgana* or *Mirage*”] is meant; of common occurrence in the Straits of Messina, i. e. in comparison with other places.

*Page 145, line 7.*

*ut quum stridentia plaustra.*] alluding to the Dead carts.

*Page 145, line 11.*

*velutivæ parens, &c.*] alluding to the custom of the Romans, that children dying at a very tender age should be carried to the funeral pile by their own mothers.

*Vide Ovid. Stat. &c.*

Page 145, line 22.

*Pax adamans Zephyros*, a Greek expression.

Page 146, line 17.

*Nonne vides, &c.*] that this is not exaggerated the following quotation, from the description of the plague at Florence, in the 14th century, will sufficiently show:—"era con sì fatto spavento questa tribulazione entrata né petti degli uomini e delle donne, che l'un fratello l'altro abbandonava e il zio il nipote, e la sorella il fratello, e spesse volte la donna il suo marito; e, che maggior cosa è, e quasi non credibile, li padri e le madri i figliuoli, quasi loro non fossero, di visitare e diservire schivavano."

Page 149, line 2.

It is related by De Foe, that many rushed about in frenzy, and seemed to be instigated by a desire to touch those, whom they met; as if under the influence of Hydrophobia.

Page 149, line 6.

*Nulla pedum volucris figens vestigia passu*] intended to express care in walking. In Constantinople, and at the Plague ports the Jews and the Christian inhabitants will touch nothing in the streets, if they can avoid it, for fear of infection; which accounts for the comparative safety which they seem to enjoy.

*Figere vestigia*,—ÆN. vi. 159.

Page 149, line 19.

"*Ibat, et invidiam cælo divisque ferebat*;"

SIL. IT. Lib. vi.

*Page 149, line 21.*

*deridet inanis*] *vide* De Foe's account of the Scoffings and blasphemies of certain individuals, on seeing others suffer, and the awful retribution which awaited them.

*Page 150, line 7.*

Alluding to the shutting up of the French theatres, then in vogue, and indeed all places of amusement.

*Page 150, line 15.*

*pueri*] Pentheus is meant.

*Page 150, line 16.*

*Bassaridas*] the last syllable, properly short, being a Greek acc. pl.; but the syllable, as being in arsi, not in thesi, may be defended. Both Greeks and Romans, in this position, allow the *ictus metricus*, to make a short syllable long.

*Page 150, line 18.*

Alluding to the story of the Danäides.

*Page 151, line 6.*

“ *Ulceribus tætris propè jam sordique sepulta :* ”

LUCRETIVS.

*Page 151, line 8.*

“ *Hærent parietibus scalæ postesque sub ipsos* ”.

VIRGIL. *ÆN.* ii. 442.

*Page 151, line 14.*

An act of heroic devotion, similar to that attributed to Guyon, a physician of Marseilles, during the dreadful pestilence, which ravaged that city in the middle ages, is here supposed to have taken place during the horrors of the “ great Plague ” of London.

Page 153, line 2.

*plus oculis amare.*

CATULLUS.

Page 153, line 6.

Alluding to the story of Mezentius.

Page 154, line 7.

*æquali*] is intended to express the *equal-leaved* cypress. An Epithet so applied in the Greek Anthology.

Page 154, line 17.

*Nuncque docens ignes, &c.*] "Teach light to counterfeit a gloom."

MILTON.

Page 154, line 20.

*Fertur adhuc sonitus*]—viz. of the bell.

THE END.







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